

AMERICA'S MAG FOR THE MACHO MALE

DRUMMER

3⁹⁵

**SNEAK
PREVIEW**

SNEAK
PREVIEW:
IS THE NEW
CHAIN
REACTIONS
A SEQUEL TO
"BORN TO
RAISE HELL"?

UPCOMING:

SADO
ISLAND

TRAINING AT
THE COMPOUND

NEW FICTION:

CAT
PLAYING
TO WIN
BLOOD
TIES

DRUMMER
DADDIES

INTERNATIONAL
LEATHER SCENE

DRUMBEAT
CLASSIFIEDS!

ISSUE 78

BEFORE "BORN TO RAISE HELL"



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SUBMISSION**

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VHS/BETA **39⁹⁵**

BORN TO RAISE HELL is a seventy-minute hard-on. At least that is what I had the night they screened it for me. It is a classic in Leather SM moviemaking.

Robert Payne DRUMMER

Now, see for yourself the film that made a star of VAL MARTIN. Originally in four parts, this videotape is the complete theatre film and includes The Bar Scene, The Shaving Scene, The Dungeon Scene and the Cop's Revenge Scene. No collection is complete without it and we are extremely happy to finally be able to offer it for home viewing. Running time: Feature length, 70 minutes.

VHS/BETA **79⁹⁵**

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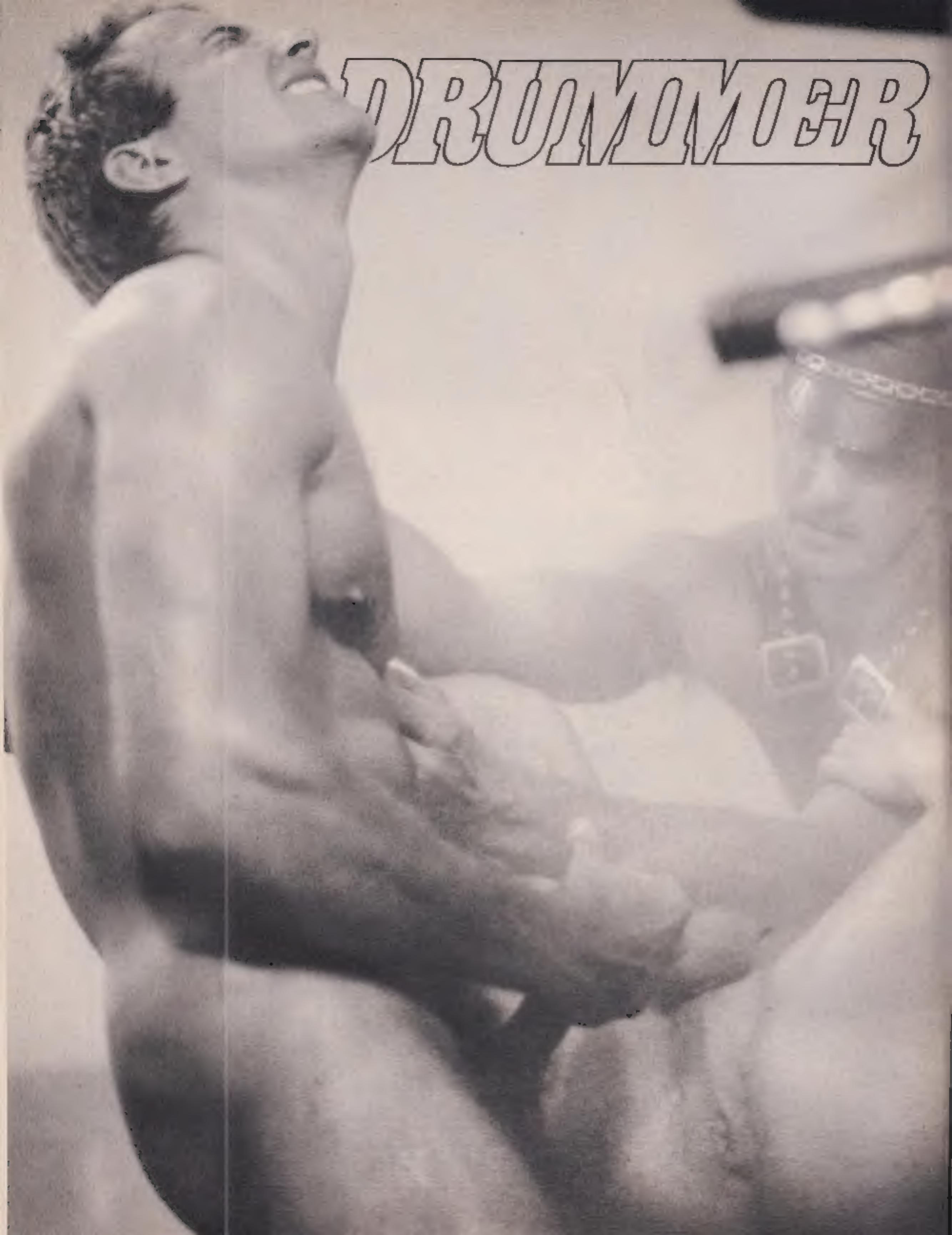
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DRUMMER

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music which he hears, however measured or faraway."

Henry David Thoreau



THE AYATOLLAH FALWELL

GETTING OFF

You probably don't buy DRUMMER to tell you how to vote. But this column this time is going to be devoted not only to that information but a couple of other things that some of us need to be told to do.

Last month in Dallas, the GOP endorsed an extremist platform hand-crafted by Phyllis Schafly, Jesse Helms and other right-wing radicals hell-bent on imposing their narrow, dark vision of America on the rest of us. And, as they left Dallas, Jerry Falwell and many New Right homophobes vowed to go all-out in conducting the most massive voter registration drive they've ever done. The Republicans spent over one hundred million dollars to put The Great Cue Card Reader in office as a figurehead. It has not boded well for gays, or much of anybody else other than the military-industrial complex, for that matter. This time around there is virtually no limit to what these people can spend or to their resources.

Here in San Francisco, the Democrats kept their convention open to virtually every minority, especially gays. We are in the platform and we were at the convention. Our rights and our progress hinges on the next four years. The Supreme Court, if Reagan makes more appointments, will be worthless to us past the end of the century.

What can you do? Get out and work. Or contribute. Or, failing that, register and vote. The election of Mondale and Ferraro could possibly put an end to the insane arms buildups, the deficits that cannot be paid off in our lifetimes, the erosion of the bill of rights. Reagan's defeat can give new hope for women, for gays, for Social Security and human rights everywhere. These are not election-time platitudes. It is simple fact.

Jerry Falwell has announced that he is registering the "faithful" to vote "the right way" (extreme right and anti-gay) by the hundreds of thousands. Believe it or not, the far right is the minority—there are more of us than them. Let's get to work or the rest of the century will be a quick trip back to the dark ages.

If you don't vote this time around, you deserve what you get. But do the rest of us?

John H. Embry

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10 CHAIN REACTION Your first look (and ours) at the sensational new SM video from the people who brought you *Born To Raise Hell*. Mr. Southeast Drummer, Ken Bergquist, takes center stage in some of the most scorching action of the year.

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38 PLAYING TO WIN by Simon A tale of the holy ritual of pool—cue sticks, balls and deep pockets give way to their living counterparts in the flesh.

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91 IN PASSING Lee Ryder shows us why they call it the Studstore...

Cover: Back to back—bookends from the Drummer Collection.
Opposite page: The action reaches melt-down in VCA's Chain Reaction.

MALECALL/ Dear Sir:

CIGAR SMOKIN' MASTERS

I have been reading your hot mag for two or three years now. I must say that Drummer 74 and 75 were very hot. I would like to know the man's name in the "Still Smokin'" picture on page 9, issue 75 (the heavyset redneck with his cigar out of his mouth and his hand up his kid's ass).

Also, I am sorry that you do not still run Drummer Daddies. I like older men and found that a great way to meet older Daddies. Please bring them back.

Now let me say that Drummer 75 with "Slaveshaving" was very hot. I would love to find a hot, raunchy Master to shave me. Do you know how I could find a real biker, raunchyman, cigar smokin' Master that lives this way?

Do keep up the great work. You have this lonely Florida slave hot and jacking off and hoping that a hot biker Master will find his way to Orlando. Hope this finds its way into the pages of your mag.

slave charles

Orlando, FL

(Editor's note: Sorry, but we do not give out the names of the models who appear in photo spreads in Drummer. However, since the guy you're talking about, along with the toker who turned on JBF of

NYC, both appeared in a feature on Cigar Studs, you might want to get in touch with that organization by writing to: Cigar Studs, PO Box 15344, San Antonio, TX 78212.

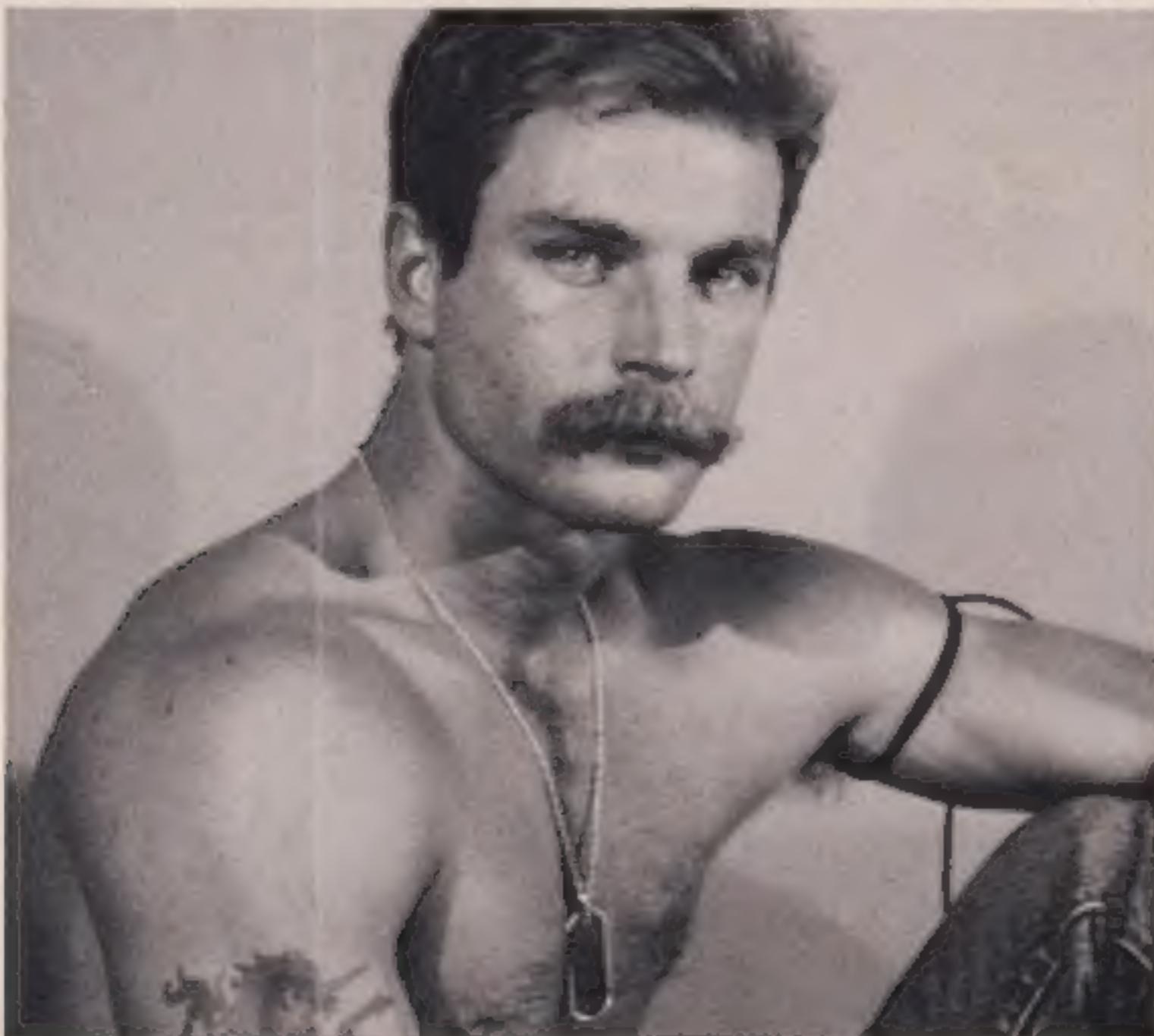
Drummer Daddies, you may have noticed, is back. And as for finding a hot biker Master in Florida, we'd suggest you check out the listings in the Drumbeats classifieds... or maybe place an ad yourself.)

A REAL RUSH

I just picked up your Anniversary Issue (Drummer 76). Your photos of the Mr. Drummer 1984 Contest are fantastic. My lover agrees. I am sure you have the perfect Mr. Drummer for 84, Sonny Cline. But what are you going to do with that hot number, John Rush, the second runner-up? The next time he is in Chicago he can call my lover and me. We know how to entertain him for a weekend.

Ron and Jim
Chicago, IL

P.S. Some basic statistics: Ron, 37, 6', 155, has been working out 12 years. Jim, 34, 6'4", 175, has been working out 4 years.



A REAL RUSH: John Rush, Second Runner-Up at the Mr. Drummer Finals. This one's for his fans Ron and Jim in Chicago.

NOTHING TO HIDE

Here is something that has puzzled me for a long time. In Southern California, some of the gay book stores seem to employ lisping nelly queens, or a guy who is "straight" but on a different wave length and regards gay customers with contempt. When I select Drummer and go to pay for it, they look at me as if I were "The Freak Of The Day." Sometimes in stores where they have a leather display in Hollywood, and I'm trying to select a new article of leather that I feel may please my Master, they regard me with an attitude as an intruder. They are so busy trying to be witty and glamorous with each other, and making uncomplimentary remarks about the leather guys who may be in the store at the time, that they are completely unaware of the merchandise that they are selling, or the clientele they are catering to, or what the product is to be used for.

I'm talking about the clerks, not the stores themselves. How these "queens" get jobs in stores that are catering to men that read a great magazine like Drummer is something I can't figure out. I feel that some of these "clerks" would be better off selling wigs and gowns to drag queens who work in clubs like The Queen Mary. On one occasion, when I was eyeing up a fine studded leather paddle, two employees were giving me the "fish eye" as if to say, "we know what you are," but they didn't hesitate to "flutter" a well-manicured hand on my ass. I left without making the purchase that I wanted. Even though I'm a bottom now, they could have never been able to handle me between the two of those sissy fairies.

I am twenty-five years old and considered good looking, and I'm masculine in my manner and speech. I am not new to Drummer, it just took me a little longer for it to sink into my head that this is the true way real gay men go. The rest of it is just bullshit for those who haven't found the way, or don't know any better. My advice to them is, to coin an old phrase, "light one candle before you curse the darkness." And believe me, I was in the dark. Since being active gay at the age of eighteen, I thought my place was to be the "husband" to pretty queens that I met in the bar here in Huntington Park, fuck them and maybe suck their cocks, and of course me being the butch, I was obligated to pick up the tab and pay for everything.

One time I met a guy and he came home with me. I had my first copy of Drummer on the coffee table, and I tried

to hide it, and I'm glad I didn't. My life has changed for the better and my Master and I have been together ever since. He has taught me that a man can get fucked, get his ass whipped, drink recycled beer, and know that his Master is only doing it to make a better man of him. Dan (my Master) lets me walk with him and I am proud. I don't think that I am in a special category—the thing is that I know I have a hell of a long way to go to live up to the expectations of my Master. And I will say that I owe a lot of thanks to you for your fine magazine. My Master Dan is also proud of me for the mental changes that he has given me, and my attitude, and has encouraged me to buy all the back issues of Drummer. Which I have, at your "baker's dozen." I only have one more to go, then I will subscribe. Master feels that I need to read all I can.

I can't thank you enough for the great gift you have given me with your magazine, and that is my Master Dan and also bringing out the real me. Also special thanks to the beautiful guys who have contributed so much to Drummer, and the readers who have given their stories and pictures to make so much of it possible. Drummer is my bible. The photography is THE BEST. It has brought a new meaning to my life, and that's a lot more than I can say for some of the other magazines that I spent my money on.

You can publish this if you want, I have nothing to hide anymore. And thanks for listening to me.

Jym Collins
Huntington Park, CA

MORE DADDIES

Thank you for the greatest fiction and pix around. I'm looking forward to reading more of the "Drummer Daddy" feature.

MN
Georgia

THE REAL WORLD

I appreciate your fine publication and respect the amount of time and work that you put into making it the best magazine of its kind. I especially enjoy the ads, the commercial ads as well as the personal ones. Living in a small community, many of the goods and services I seek are unavailable to me. I have access to them through your magazine. It helps me keep in touch with the real world.

Keep up the good work—but then that's sort of like telling the Pope to stay Catholic, isn't it? Thanks guys.

Dave B.
Ohio

BETTER & BETTER

As of now, I only have four issues of your magazine, but you can be sure that those four are the first of many I will collect.



STILL STRUNG UP: Cord Briggs (Drummer 77) made some strong impressions. Photo by Zeus.

Each issue seems to be better than the previous one. The first issue I purchased was Drummer 21. I never tired of looking at the pictures of Elias, Drummer's Lebanese leatherman. Fantastic! Hope to see more of that handsome man. One look at him in a leather jockstrap, and I sent away for one.

In the same issue, "The Joys of Self-Abuse" was beautiful. Wish that there was a club like that here in Denver. That has always been a fantasy of mine, and with articles such as yours, stressing the advantages, perhaps that fantasy might come to be.

Enjoyed "Cigar Studs" (Drummer 74) a lot. Great write-up and a lot of good pictures to go along with it.

In closing, just want to say thanks for a super magazine. I am looking forward to either answering some ads, or running one myself.

R.C.
Denver, CO

DAMN HOT!

Just got my copy of Drummer 78, which features what have to be two of the hottest guys (Top and bottom) around. I'm talking about Master Brutus of the Compound (on the cover) and slave Cord Briggs (clamped, bound and gagged inside). I was glad to be able to see and worship more of Master Brutus, and I'm getting blue balls thinking about his upcoming Compound book. And,

although I'm usually a bottom, I definitely got a hard-on looking at those pics of Cord Briggs. I'd love to see the two of them together!

BWM
San Francisco, CA

CUTTING FREE

Bravo for David May. His "Cutting Threads" (in Drummer 75) is superb. Although its implications may incite some, I believe it cuts to the heart of the SM experience and its possibility for freedom. As May turns out new work, I hope you will feature it.

And a note on Daddies. Like another writer to your column, I have always enjoyed the stories and pictures of Dads which you featured. How about a pictorial essay? My nomination is for the Daddy stud behind the bar in Drummer 75, page 9. New York has some great looking Dads, but that guy is without a doubt the hottest Dad I've ever seen.

JBF
NYC

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DRUMMER
GOES TO A
FILMING

2nd
Edition
ON TAP

CHAIN REACTION

It didn't take much urging to drop in to see old friend Roger Earl when we were in Los Angeles recently. And who should be sitting in Roger's oft-photographed pad but Terry LeGrand, who had produced several of Roger's films, the notorious of which was "Born To Raise Hell." Sitting alongside Terry was John Krause, top L.A. photographer. Boy, did

they have a package for us. Roger whipped out over a thousand photographs of their new film, "CHAIN REACTION", which was almost finished. Did we want to run a spread on it in DRUMMER? Bet your ass! Did we want to do a photo book as we did on "Born To Raise Hell," which was a phenomenal best seller. Did we ever!

But we also had a package for them. We had with us Ken Bergquist, Mr. Drummer '84 First Runner-up, who has just finished "SLAVES FOR SALE" for Wings Video. Did they want to use Ken in the final motorcycle gang scene in their film? They didn't hesitate any longer than we did at their offer.

We now have the additional shots from John Krause of the last part of the pix, and after seeing the rushes, we were very impressed.

Much of it was taken at "Chains", which was made over from the "Pits" in Los Angeles, much as "Born To Raise Hell" was done at the old "Truck Stop" out in the San Fernando Valley. The action is uniquely Roger Earl, very leather with a flair that few filmmakers can approach.

The video version is to be released in November with plenty of advance orders already. The photo book is on the boards and will probably be out at about the same time. On these eight pages are a few well-chosen John Krause shots to tantalize you. "CHAIN REACTIONS" will be released through VCA.

Ken Bergquist, after sweating out the 110 degree Southern California temperatures during the filming, headed back to San Francisco.

His next project will be for Trophy Video. The story concerns itself with leathermen's fantasies. It encompasses a number of leathermen, a number of settings and a number of fantasies.











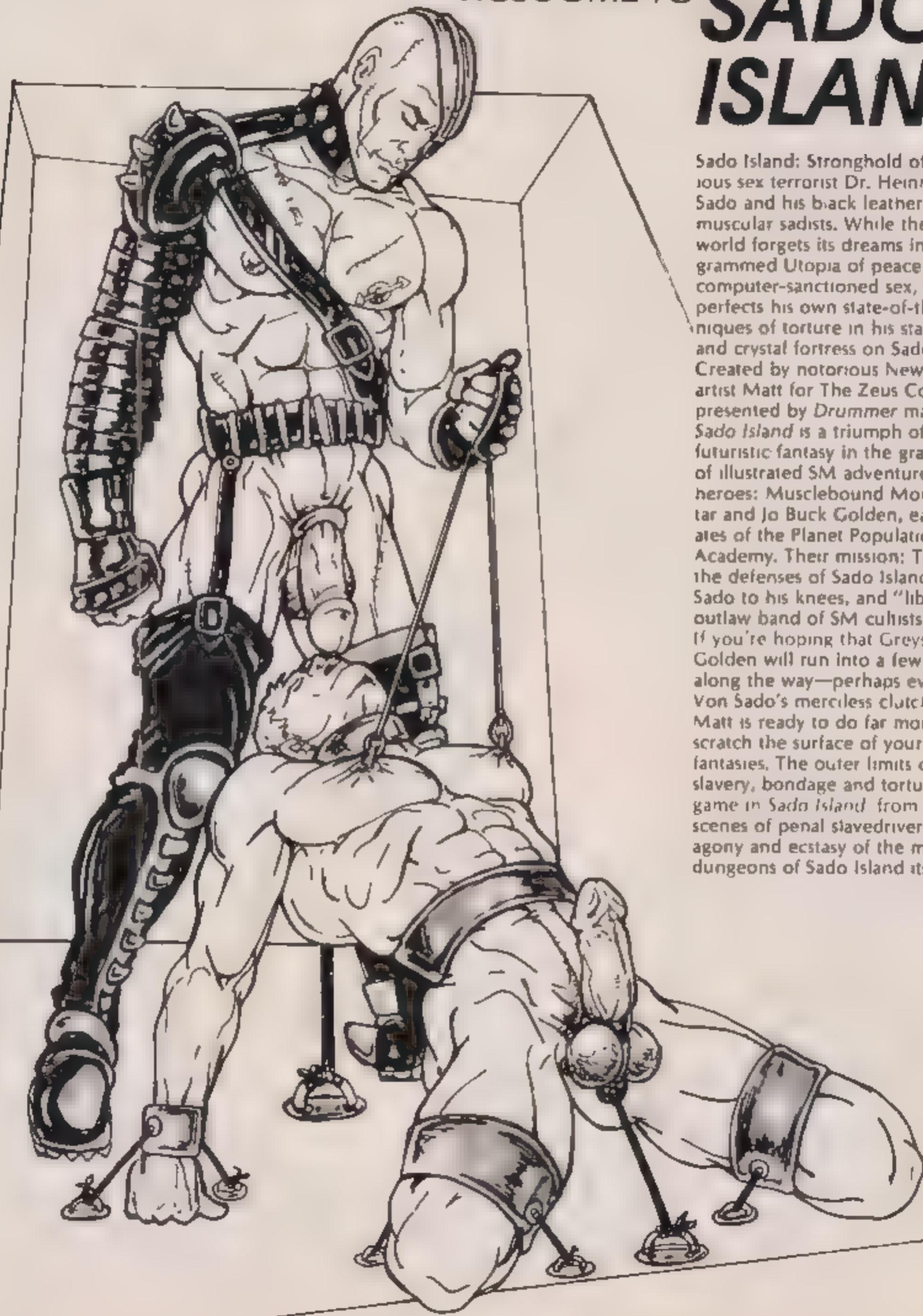




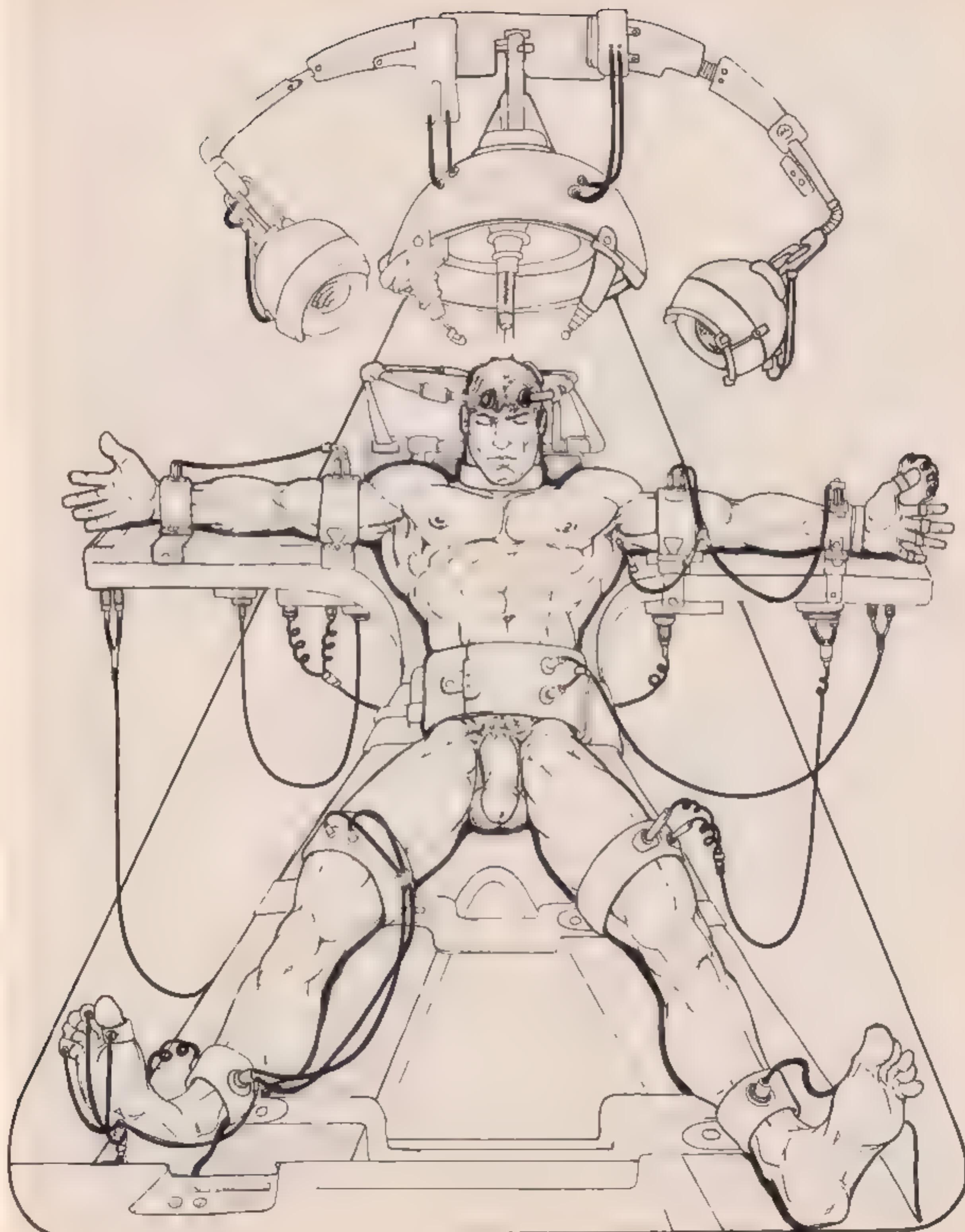
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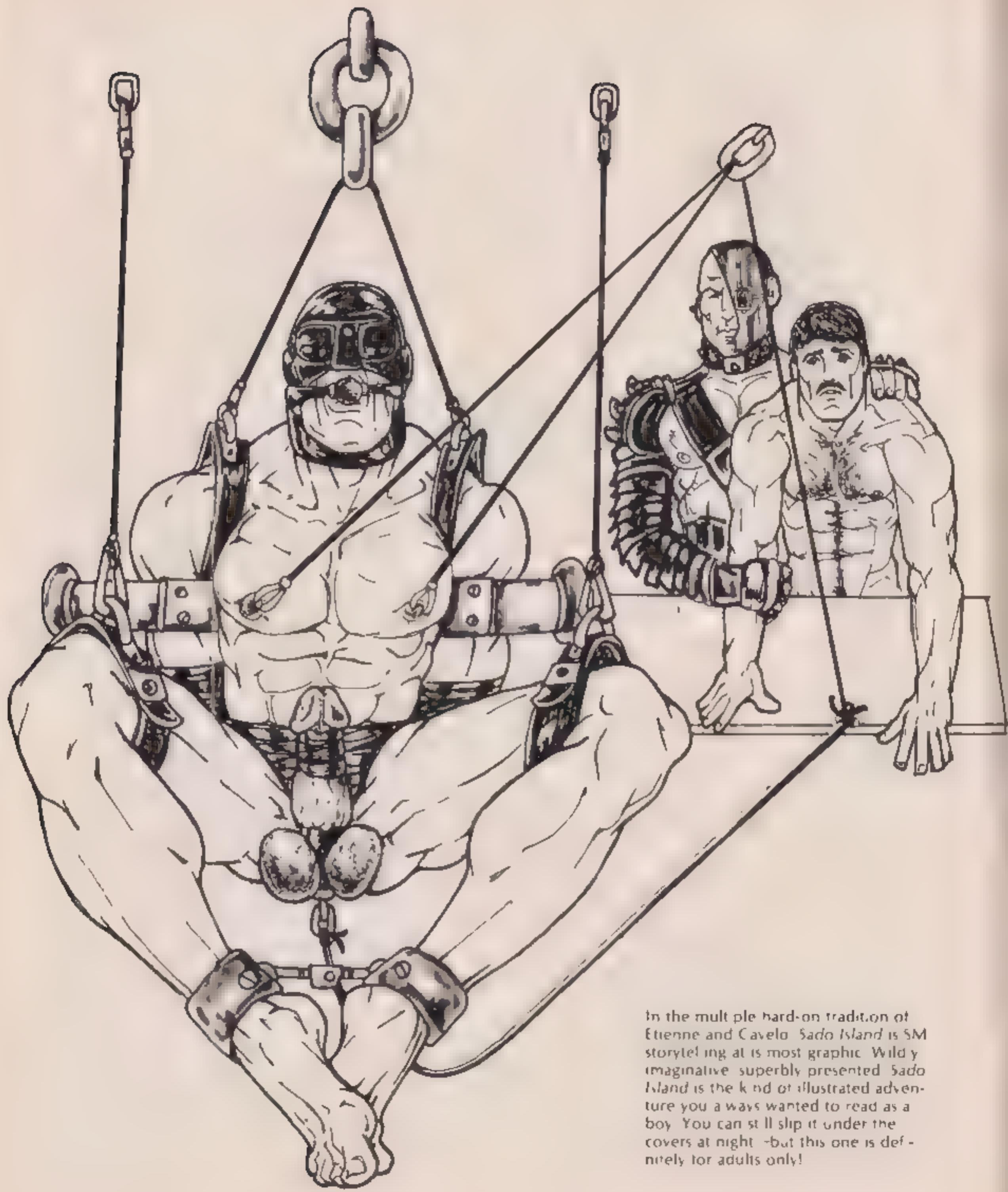
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SADO ISLAND

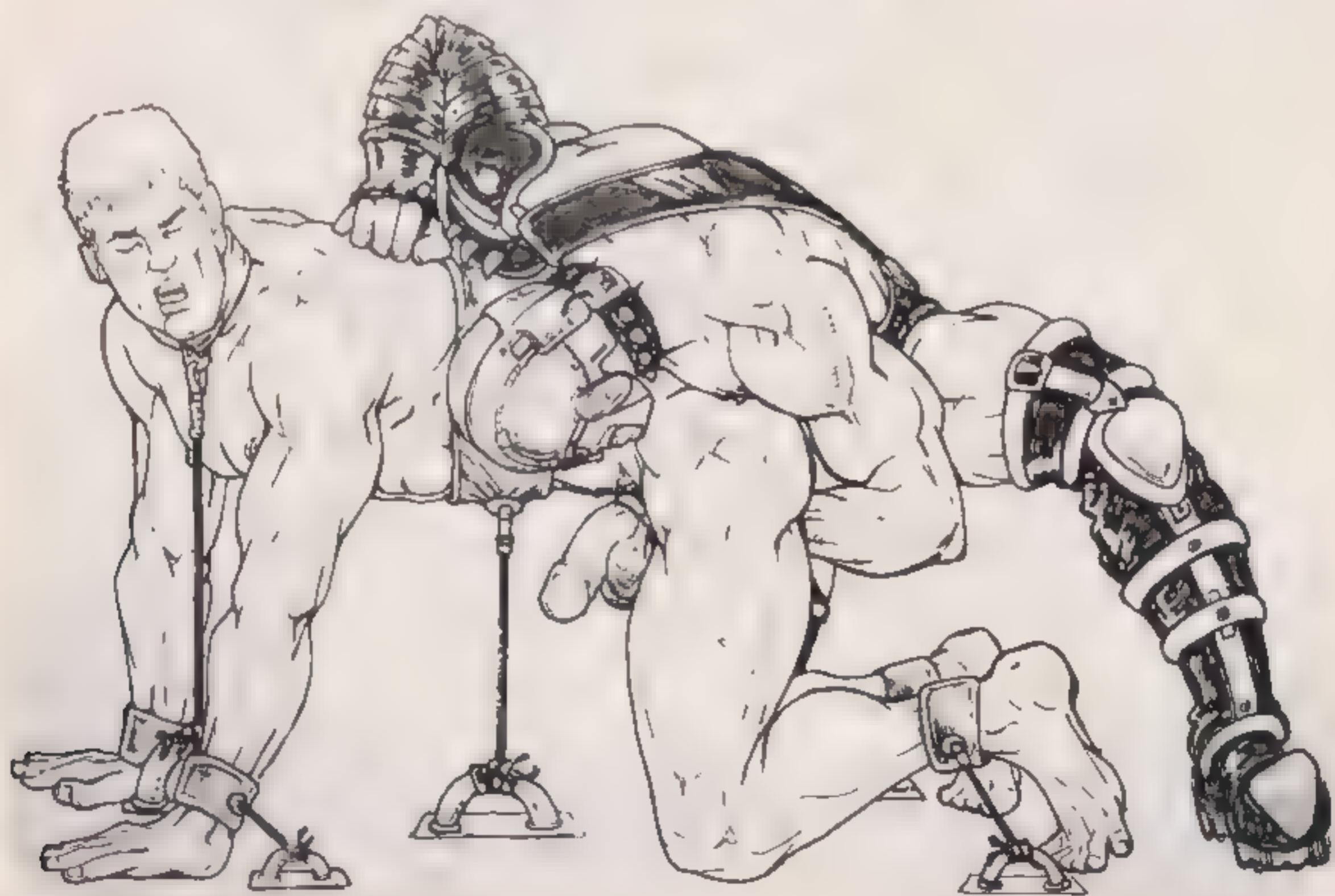


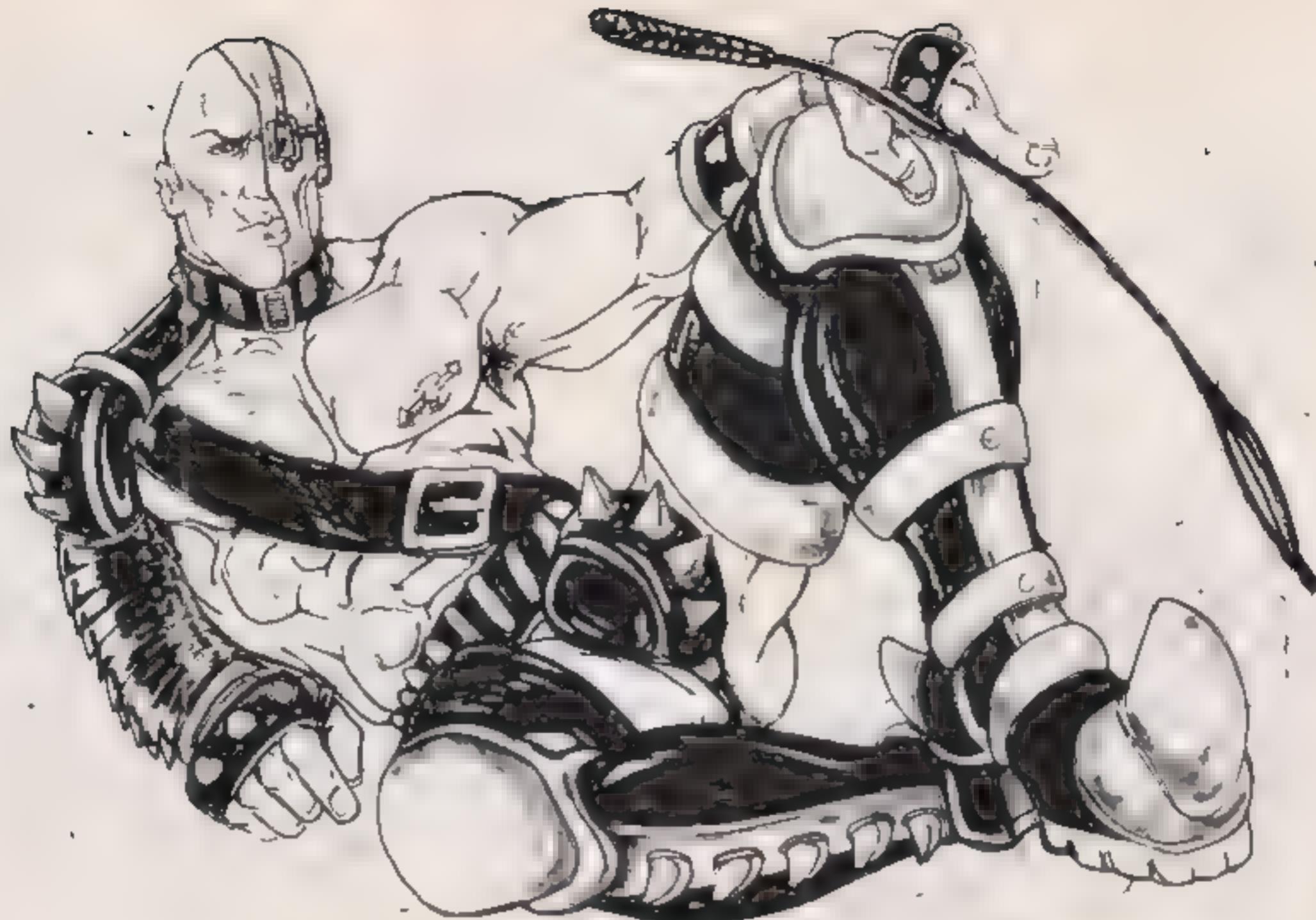
Sado Island: Stronghold of the notorious sex terrorist Dr. Heinrich Von Sado and his black leather army of muscular sadists. While the rest of the world forgets its dreams in a programmed Utopia of peace and computer-sanctioned sex, Von Sado perfects his own state-of-the-art techniques of torture in his stainless steel and crystal fortress on Sado Island. Created by notorious New Orleans artist Matt for The Zeus Collection and presented by Drummer magazine, *Sado Island* is a triumph of bizarre futuristic fantasy in the grand tradition of illustrated SM adventures. Our heroes: Musclebound Morgan Greystar and Jo Buck Golden, eager graduates of the Planet Population Police Academy. Their mission: To penetrate the defenses of Sado Island, bring Von Sado to his knees, and "liberate" his outlaw band of SM cultists. If you're hoping that Greystar and Golden will run into a few hitches along the way—perhaps even fall into Von Sado's merciless clutches—then Matt is ready to do far more than scratch the surface of your wildest fantasies. The outer limits of sexual slavery, bondage and torture are fair game in *Sado Island*, from its startling scenes of penal stavedrivers, to the agony and ecstasy of the mysterious dungeons of Sado Island itself.





In the multiple hard-on tradition of Etienne and Cavelo, *Sado Island* is SM storytelling at its most graphic. Wildly imaginative, superbly presented, *Sado Island* is the kind of illustrated adventure you always wanted to read as a boy. You can still slip it under the covers at night—but this one is definitely for adults only!





UPCOMING:
SADO
ISLAND

Scheduled for November release. "Drummer Presents The Zeus Collection's *Sado Island*" is a must-have, one-fisted fantasy book for every collector of the best in SM erotica. Watch for it at your favorite emporium or order now by sending \$10 (plus \$1 postage) to: Alternate Publishing, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107





DRUMSTICKS



"This new Folsom bar is nice but don't you think the dress code is a little much?"



"I know you guys haven't seen a white woman for many months and some of you are getting pretty horny, but... fellows. Hey, fellows!"

Three Haiku

A hundred lashes
The first just a satin touch
Hinting at the last

Silently I wait
Kneeling at his command. My
Face bent to the floor

The torn Levis,
Inviting my hand to help
Lay in the corner

—Aubrey Sparks

What'd I Do?

What did I do to deserve this?
Patient night hurry to dawn
and end this pain.
Rope-enclosed body's still
Bloated bladder cries for relief
Throbbing cock begs to cum.
What'd I do?

—Auggie Camelli

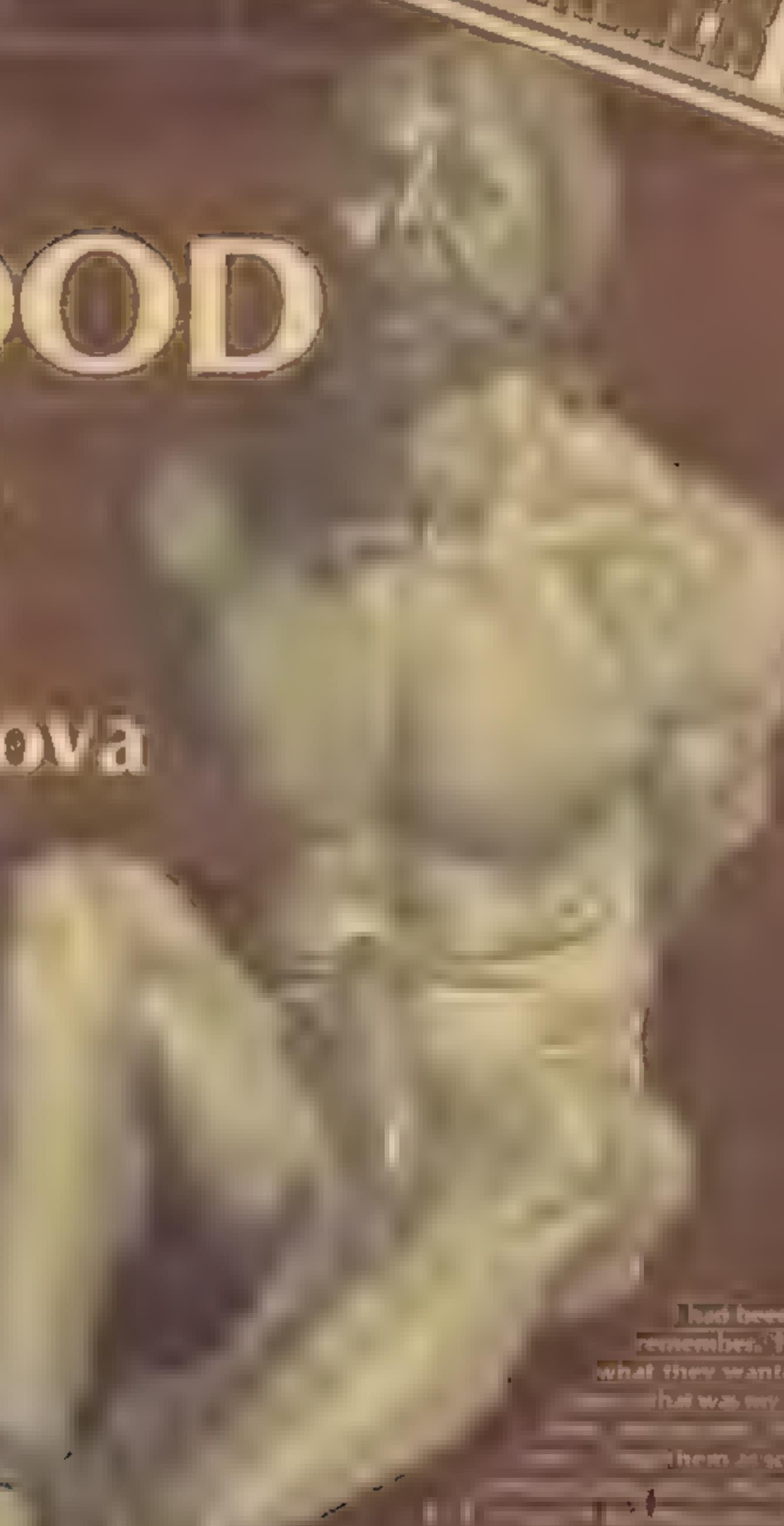


"Well, Suh. Ah do have mah fetishes jus' like any othuh Southern gentleman. But nothin' I'm sure ol' Jerry Falwell would be agin."

BURNED REGION

BLOOD TIES

by
Tom Nova



I had been a cop for as long as I could remember. I was good at it. Give them what they wanted and needed and then that was my motto. Stretch them to the point where they scream—that's what they are.

Getting sucked and sucking on.

of meat. Be sucked and fuck—that's all I did. I was tall and muscled enough to make sure that nobody was going to do nothing else

My activities got me three years in the state pen. Some shit thought he'd get me after I fell asleep 'cause I'd too much to drink before. The first touch of his cock trying to enter my mouth landed him a one-way trip in the hospital and me in jail.

Things had opened up once I got out of there and I found the leather world and bars and all kinds of guys who wanted what I could give them and do to them. Had a few I met with on a regular basis who paid for my services. That's the way I'd been supporting myself. Then .

It was two—maybe three—maybe four months ago. Who counts anymore? I was sitting on a bar stool in my favorite hangout when this guy comes over to me and starts a conversation. I was turned on to him. He looked like one of those executive types decked out for the evening in levis and crap and looking to have someone take control of him. Blond hair trimmed and styled and very soft-spoken. About 5'8" and on the skinny side. Well—maybe not skinny, a wiry build. Said he was 27. Hell, he had a baby face and I knew he had to be lying about his age

After talking a bit and having a couple of drinks, I figured he was about ready to ask me to go for some action. All he did was hand me an envelope and got up and left.

The bastard! I shoved the damn envelope into my back pocket and got down to the business of finding a bottom for the night. Whoever he was, that bottom would have all hell to pay. I was mad. Nobody starts to get me hot and walks off and leaves me!

I was so mad that I walked over to this guy I'd had once and told him, let's go. He didn't want to come with me. Said I was too rough. The hell with what he wanted. I just grabbed him and headed out the door. He struggled a bit, but he soon settled down and knew I meant business. Man, I worked him over that night in a few short hours. The bar wasn't even closed when I do it. I was not front, bruised and battered with cum dripping out of his bleeding asshole. He wanted it—I know! He deserved it. He got it.

It wasn't till the following morning that I found that damn envelope in my levis. I wadded it up and threw it in the corner and left. The thought of the guy made my blood boil.

Hell, I don't know how many days passed before I noticed it. What the hell, I thought to myself. Read what the bastard has to say

Whether you know it or not, I am your Master you belong to me and I intend to claim you. You will have a good life with me and I am able to take care of all your needs. There will be nothing that I cannot and will not do to you and you will be willing for me to castrate you, cut off your cock, or even to kill you if I so desire... I know you will fight all that I have said and written, but it will happen and it will happen in the not too distant future. It will be in that same bar. I will come up to you late in the evening when the action is heavy in the place and I will take control of you as is necessary for you. You will follow my orders at that time and you will end your present life only to begin a new life as my slave, my cunt, my dog or whatever I choose for you to be. Know that the time is coming soon and be prepared for it

That was it. The dumb shit. No way! I wadded up the paper and threw it into the trash—that's where it belonged. I set out to find him every night after that. I went to different bars. I became obsessed with finding him. No, I wasn't going to kill him. The only thing I knew was that he was going to be near dead when I finished with that bastard. That was for certain. I hated him. Nobody says to me what he said and doesn't pay for it.

I didn't find him, he was a piece of chicken-shit—hiding out for a couple of weeks or so, lots of guys suffered my anger and rage. I talked about it with my friends. They kept telling me to

forget it—to ease up. I was hurting guys—giving a bad name to all tops. I couldn't, I couldn't help it. Someday I'd find that bastard and he'd have all hell to pay

Trouble was that the whole damn bit unnerved me. As the days passed, I went from raging anger to wondering out loud with my friends if something was wrong with me. Hell, I was even entertaining the thought of going with the guy whenever he showed up—seeing what he thought he could do—and then beating the living shit out of him

Then I got another note from him. This time in the mail. How'd the bastard know my address and my name? What was he? What in the hell was going on! It was a short note:

It won't be long now, my slave. I have taken the liberty of giving a two-week notice to your landlord. I thought you might forget that. I know that you've been fighting the inevitable and I do understand. I know that it is not easy for you, but it has not been easy for me either. I have searched for you for a number of years. Now that I've found you, I cannot let you go.

What was he talking about with that bit about searching for me? Giving notice on my place? Who in the hell was he? Why was he so confident of himself? One thing was certain. The bastard was going to have to pull a pay when I got my hands on him.

It didn't stop me from wondering about him even more. What was the connection? I even found myself wondering just how he might be hung. Damn him! He was destroying my life.

Then it happened. I'd gone to that same bar again for the first time in a long time. I don't know why. I was in a mood that night. Several guys had come over and wanted to take me home with them, but I refused. I sat there drinking and smoldering inside.

It was after midnight when I heard a soft voice behind me. It was him.

"Don't turn around," he said. "Strip naked. Hand your clothes to the bartender. Everyone's watching you. When you're naked, get on the floor on your hands and knees. Do not look up. You'll be able to see my boots. Follow them."

Hell, I don't know why or how or anything else I did as he said. I couldn't believe it as I did it. The place was totally silent. You couldn't even hear any breathing going on in the place. I was brilliant red all over. I could feel it. I stripped and got down on the floor and crawled after him.

We got to the door. He stopped. He turned around. "Lick my boots," he said.

I licked them. A loud gasp was heard from the others there. He reached down and put a collar about my neck and fastened a leash to it. He put a blindfold on me. He tugged at the leash. "Heel," he said. Dammit, but my cock was hard. I didn't understand it. He tugged on the leash. I followed. I left the bar with the sound of laughter and whispers of "I don't believe it" ringing in my ears.

He led me to a van and ordered me into it. I couldn't believe that I just laid there as he bound me hand and foot so that I could not move. He fastened the leash to something so that my neck was stretched almost to its limit. "Relax," he said. "It'll be about a 10-hour drive." I wanted to cry out and ask where the hell he intended on taking me. He answered before I could ask. "To Iowa," he said. "Iowa isn't a long way from Chicago. You'll like it there. Remember, you grew up there."

I don't know why, but his last words sent a shiver through my naked body. "My wallet," I said. "My ID."

"Don't worry," he said. "I've got it."

"My clothes," I asked. I sure as hell don't know why I asked that. All I had were a few and the damn place I rented was furnished if you could call it that.

I got an answer. "Don't you remember?" he said. "I wrote that in my first note to you. You won't need clothes. You're never going to have need of them again. You will be naked for the rest of your life."

Somehow I managed to fall asleep in the uncomfortable

position I was tied in. Don't ask me how it happened. I don't know. My mind was going a mile a minute. My heart was thumping in my chest. I couldn't believe that this was actually happening to me. No! I couldn't believe that I was letting it happen to me.

Hell, I have no idea of when we arrived or where I was at. I knew I was wherever it was I was supposed to be. "We're home," he said as he woke me. He unfastened the restraints binding me and tugged at my leash for me to follow. For a momentary flash I had the urge to overpower him—to take off and run. I wanted to. I couldn't. Don't ask me why. I just couldn't.

I followed him on my hands and knees into a house—still blindfolded. I was on some type of carpeting. He dropped the leash and I remained there waiting for a few moments. I heard his command. "You may take off the blindfold" I did. He was standing naked before me. I couldn't help but gasp. He was wiry and tightly muscular. My gasp wasn't about that. It was his cock. It looked almost exactly like mine, though out of place on him. No! It wasn't like mine. It was thicker. It was longer by a good inch or so. It was a weapon. It was dripping with pre-cum.

Slowly he walked towards me. I couldn't take my eyes off of it. He paused for a moment with his cock six inches from my face and mouth. I was shaking all over. "Please," I whispered. "I don't suck cocks." He said nothing. He slowly moved forward. My mouth opened. His cock entered.

I gagged a lot as he slowly pushed it in deeper and deeper. I pulled back several times. "I can't take it," I told him. "Yes," he said. "You will. You must. All of it. Relax. Let it happen. It's going to happen. We both know that."

Don't ask me how or anything else. All I know is that it did happen. In spite of everything else, I wanted it to happen. He pulled it out until only the head was filling my mouth and let loose with a load of cum that filled my mouth and throat. I was loose. I was free. I couldn't believe I was not stopping him or resisting.

And I couldn't believe how sweet his cum tasted. I'm no expert, especially since I'd only tasted cum once before in my life—my dad's. It frightened me to think what I was thinking about his cum.

He pulled out of my mouth and commanded me to my feet. He then began to touch me—to explore my naked body. I gasped and tightened as he pulled and pinched and twisted my tits. He stooped down to look at my cock and balls. He pulled on them. He squeezed them. He slapped them with his hand. I stood motionless. It hurt like hell.

He spread my ass cheeks and looked at my puckered hole. I jumped as he touched it with his finger. "In time," he said. "In time."

Why? Why didn't I just deck him and take over. I asked myself that question again and again. Somehow my arms and my naked body would not move. It was like I was glued in place. He was in control.

"I'm going to shave you now," he said. It wasn't a question. He just stated it. He led me to the bathroom by my leash, permitting me to walk upright. He took clippers and removed some of the hair with it. I groaned an "Oh no" as he ran it over my head. Still I did not move. I stood there as he applied the shaving cream and used a straight-edged razor to remove the remains. Dammit! My cock remained hard and wouldn't go down. I couldn't understand it.

He finished shaving me and I never felt more naked in my life. I still wanted to run—to get away from him—from his strange power over me. But I couldn't move.

"To your knees," he said. "I've got to piss." No, I cried out within myself as I fell to my knees. His piss flooded my mouth. "Don't spill a drop," he said. "Drink it all." I did.

"You've had enough for today," he said. "Tomorrow we start your further training. I'm going to fuck you, you know that. Maybe not tomorrow or the next day, but I'm going to fuck you. You will beg me to fuck you. When I do, there'll be no spit or grease or lube. You'll want me to enter you dry, and you'll beg

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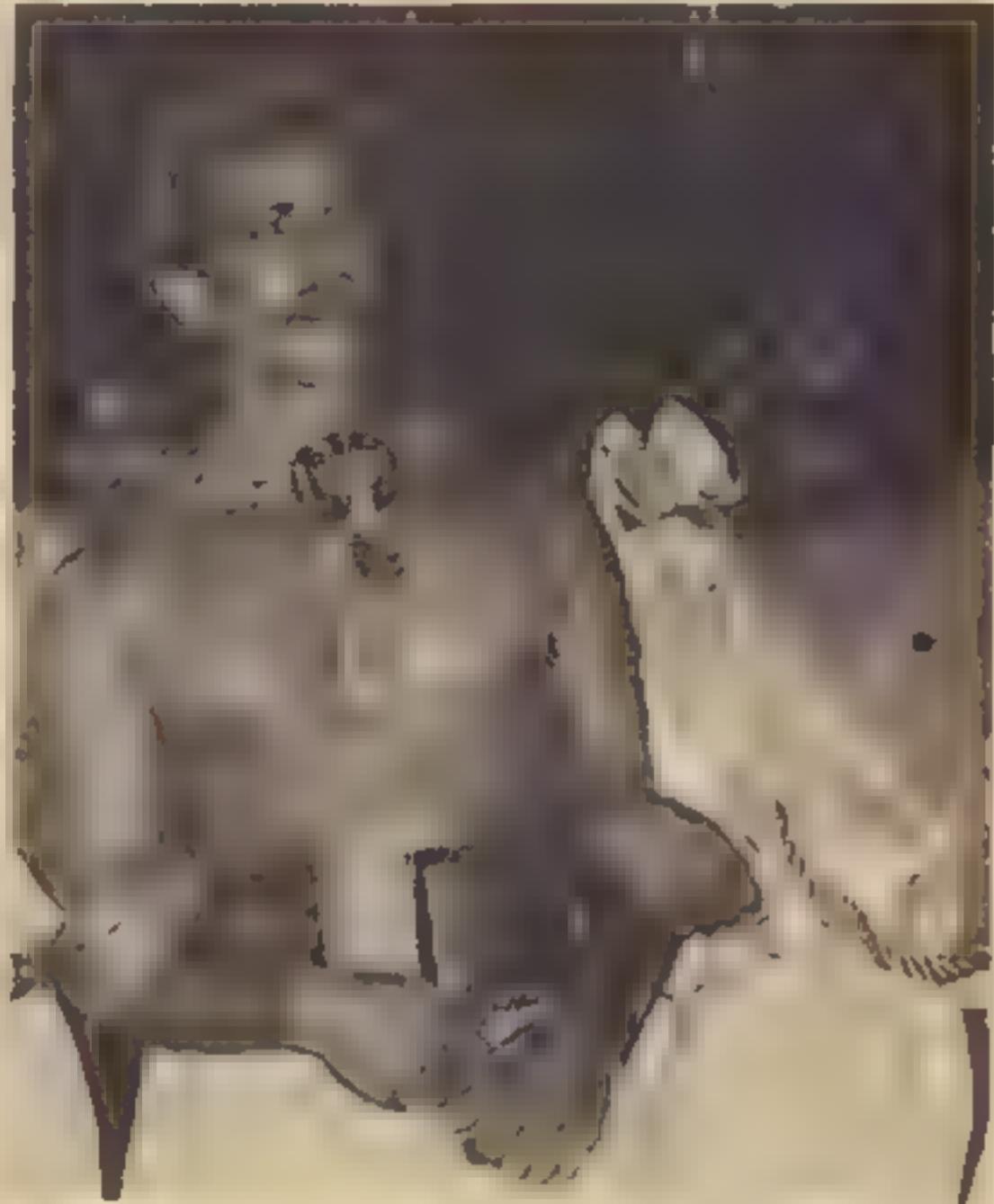
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The next few days were worse than I imagined. No, he did not bind me or keep me in restraints. "Spread your legs," he would say. I spread them. I lay there as he brought his knee or his foot crashing into my balls. "Assume position," he would say. I'd bend over and he'd ram his big cock straight up my dry asshole. "I've got to piss," he would say. I'd open my mouth to receive it. "Come with me," he'd say. I'd follow him to the bathroom. "My ass needs cleaning," he'd say. I'd bury my face in his ass cheeks and start licking away.

I couldn't believe myself—what was happening to me. He put me in restraints or bondage only on occasion. Otherwise I was free with only the collar about my neck. He went to work during the days after that first week and I was left at home alone. "Do not touch your cock or balls or your asshole," he told me. "They belong to me."

I called some of my friends. I talked with them. I told them what was happening. They could not—they would not—believe it. They told me I was crazy.

"I can't leave," I told them.

"Why?" they asked.

"I just can't," I said. I didn't know why.

Things got worse, if they could do that. He began to whip me while unrestrained. "Spread your legs," he would say. I'd lay on my back and spread them. The belt or whip would come crashing down on my cock or balls. I'd scream out in pain and my legs would spasm and curl. "Keep them spread," he'd say. I did.

One night he took me to another place—about a two or three hour drive. I asked no questions. He led me into the house there naked and on my hands and knees. Fifteen, maybe 20 guys were there. Nothing was said. I sucked and was fucked. I licked assholes. I drank piss. I was even fisted.

The next night, I was at home with him. I'd come to call him Sir or Master. Both he and I were naked. He'd just gotten home from work. He walked up to me and removed my collar. I was puzzled and confused. What was happening?

He sat down and looked at me. He called me by my name for the first time. I looked at him questioningly.

"I'm David," he said.

"Yes, Sir," I replied.

"You don't understand," he said. "I'm David."

I said nothing further. I didn't know what he was talking about.

Then he began to tell me the story. I couldn't believe my ears. As I said, I'd left that night long ago. My mother and dad died shortly thereafter. I didn't know and they couldn't reach me. I vaguely remembered having a little brother. Hell, he couldn't have been more than ten years old when I left. No, it couldn't be! No!

Grandma and Grandpa had raised him. They died while he was in college. Their last request was that he find me and bring me home. I guess Grandpa knew what had happened, for my dad told him. My dad died a broken man.

Maybe it's just in our genes or something, but David took early to the scene, first as a bottom, then as a top. He paid his dues. During all of that time, he kept searching for his lost brother.

I tried to find words to say to him as he spilled the whole story out to me. He was crying. I was crying. "Why did you do things this way?" I asked. He told me he'd learned about me. He knew I was bigger than him. He knew he couldn't take me any other way. He figured it to be the only way.

I still didn't understand. My whole body ached and hurt from the whipping—from getting fucked—from all the things he'd used on me. I owed him. I told him that. "I suppose you do," he said. "If you do, I won't try to stop you. Just remember one thing, though. If you do, you'll never see me again."

"Why?" I shouted out. Dammit! I was older. I was the top. I couldn't stand being a fucking bottom or slave.

"Tom," he said, "that's just the way it's got to be. You think about it. You have until tomorrow to make your decision. Come," he said. "Let's go to bed."

He took me into his own room and to his own bed. There, slowly and tenderly he made love to me—to my entire body. I'd had a lot of guys lick my body and suck my cock and balls to give me pleasure before I fucked them, but never did it feel what I was feeling then. He drank my cum and got me hard again. He kissed me long and hard and passionately. I'd never been kissed by a man before in my life. I couldn't resist him. I couldn't stop him. I slowly turned him over. "I'm going to fuck you," I said. "Yes," he said. "Fuck me." I did—but for the first time in my life I fucked slowly and easily—entering him the same way.

We lay on the bed entwined in each other's arms. He spoke to me again. "You've got to know," he said, "that what happened tonight will never happen again. It cannot and it will not. If you stay, you've got to know that your cock will never again fuck another ass. You've got to know that you will never know again the pleasures of a mouth on your cock. You've got to know that the only way that you will ever cum is by it happening automatically, for you will not be jacked off or be permitted to jack off. You've got to know that when and if you ever cum again in your life, you will be punished severely for cumming."

I did not answer him. I couldn't speak. Hell, there was no way I could stay with him under any circumstances. I didn't want to lose him again, but I had no choice. I couldn't live like that.

I waited until the middle of the night. He was sleeping soundly as I eased out of the bed and made my way to the living room. Shit. What was I going to wear? I spied a pair of his levis in the corner. They wouldn't be long enough, but it appeared the waist would fit—I'd cut them off into shorts. A tee-shirt was lying there—that'd do. I saw a pair of gym shoes. I'd stuff my feet in them even though they were too small.

I threw them all together on the sofa and went to take a piss. I'll leave just at daybreak, I told myself. I'll be gone a good hour or two before he's up.

I returned to the living room. The damn collar was laying there on the floor. I kicked it aside and didn't watch where it went. I sat down in his chair to wait.

I awoke to hear some movement in his bedroom. My heart started pounding. How in the hell had I fallen asleep? I didn't want to see him. I didn't want to tell him face to face that I was leaving. Oh, shit! Everything was so screwed up.

Don't ask me why. I don't know. All of a sudden I was down on the floor searching and hunting for that damn collar. Why? My mind kept telling me to get up and run—to get out of there. My hands kept reaching under the furniture. I found it. I put it about my neck.

He entered the room and stopped dead in his tracks. He looked surprised. Tears welled up in his eyes. "I thought you had gone," he barely whispered. I looked into his eyes. Hell, my eyes started to tear up too.

He walked forward to me. "I've got to piss," he said. I opened my mouth and drank it. He got dressed for work and left. As he walked out the door, he smiled at me. "I see you gathered some of my clothes together. I'll have to punish you for that when I get home," he said.

That was it. He left. I don't know how many times I reached up that day to remove the collar and still leave. My hands never got further than just touching it. Get out of here, I'd tell myself. You can still leave. I stayed.

That pile of clothing still sits in the corner of the sofa where I'd thrown it. Punish me? He sure as hell did. Not only that night. Hell, it's every night. It's been a few months now since I've known what it felt like not to ache and hurt—not to be marked and bruised.

Table scraps or dog food—dry or canned—that's what I eat. Always there's his piss to drink—my own piss to drink. I curse and swear at him when he's gone. I keep telling myself I'll get even. I reach to touch my cock and balls—to jack off at least. My hand always stops before I touch. They're not mine to touch. He's told me that. He trusts me not to touch them. I don't. I don't understand why, but I don't.

When he walks in that door after work, my eyes well up with tears because he's home. I get teary-eyed when he leaves in the

morning. I don't understand. I tell him that I love him. He whips me and fucks me for saying it. He always ends up saying it too—right after he's reduced me to crying and begging him to stop. I shake all over—I shake my head. I don't understand myself anymore. I beg him to punish me some more.

I don't know how long it was before I shot a load of cum again—maybe two days or three. He'd fucked me hard after he'd whipped my ass. I was untied. He'd commanded me to stand at attention. I stood there. He whipped my cock with a belt. It hurt like hell. I could feel it boiling up in me. It shot out. A huge load. I screamed out. It felt so good.

He commanded me to lick it up. I fell to my knees. Hell, I was licking up my own cum. I couldn't believe it.

"To the kitchen," he said. I crawled in there. "On the table," he said. "On your back." I obeyed. "I told you I'd punish you if you shot a load of cum again."

"I'm sorry, Sir," I said. "I couldn't help it."

"That's no excuse," he said.

He held up a knife. I started shaking. "Take your punishment as a man," he said. He grabbed my cock. "I've got to do this," he said, as he looked into my eyes. I didn't know what to expect.

He grabbed my cock. I screamed and passed out.

When I came to, my cock was bandaged. I looked at him. His cock was bandaged. I didn't understand. I looked up to his neck. He had a chain there that wasn't there before. He saw me looking at it. He reached up to touch the little round bulb hanging from it.

"It's your foreskin," he said. I cringed deep within myself. Oh, shit! He'd cut my foreskin off.

"Reach up," he said. I felt something added to my collar. It was a lock and another piece of something. He smiled. "My foreskin," he said simply. "We're a part of each other now. You can't leave me now, even if you wanted to, you can't leave a part of you behind anymore than I can ever leave you, for I can't leave a part of me behind."

"You did that for me?" I asked.

He laughed at me. "Don't be stupid. For a big brother, you're awfully dumb. You passed out the moment I put the knife to your cock and pressed the tip to your foreskin. A doctor friend of mine came over and did the job right. We'll be sore for a couple of days or so. The doctor says my cockhead will toughen up from use after a bit. Your's probably won't, since it won't get any use. You'll like that, because every time I barely touch that sensitive cockhead of yours, you'll know that you belong to me totally. When I whip your cock, you'll know you've been punished."

He calls me slave or shithead or anything that comes to his mind. A couple of times he's slipped and called me Tom. Last night was one of those times, only this time it wasn't a slip.

"Tom," he said. "All these years you never knew what it was like to have a father who loved you and cared for you. Sure, dad did something crazy to you back then. I know that you and him never got along before that either. But I grew up with grandpa as my dad. He was a stern man, but I know that he loved me. I had my share of whippings from him, but I always knew he loved me."

"I know it sounds crazy to you, and maybe it is. But that's what this is all about. You need to have a real man over you, and to experience what I did. You need to know both the discipline and yet to know that there is real love there as well. Someday you might understand what I'm doing and why I'm doing it."

Damn it! I got all choked up and started to cry. He was crazy. I was crazy. I crawled over to him and sobbed into his crotch. The words came out suddenly. I don't know how or why. "Daddy," I cried. "Daddy, I love you. Please love me!"

He reached down to grab my head and pull it back. I thought he was going to kiss me, and opened my mouth in a sob, but instead he pushed my tear-streaked face down on his hardening cock. "It's alright, son," he said, as I choked on his stiffness and my whole body shuddered. He reached for his belt. "Everything's going to be alright now. It's got to be. After all, we're family."



T-24-79

CAT

by Chip Archer

They called him "Cat." Don't ask me why...or what the derivation of the name is...cause I don't know. And I don't care. The only thing I do care about is the guy who was called "Cat." He was something else...still is probably, but I wouldn't know. Don't hear from him anymore. Long gone. Probably married some silly bitch. Maybe he's a father...teaching his little ones how to play baseball, and lacrosse. And generally horse around. He was an expert at horsin' around. He had himself one mega-sized horse cock. Maybe that's why they called him "Cat." His fuckin' dick was about as big as a cat...always leapin' out at you and sprayin' its shit all around. Leapin' out at you like it was furious with being tied down to his body...This big mean cat-size dick that wanted to take off and have a life of its own. Instead, the poor motherfucking' prick was a slave to his body. And his mind. That's the problem. It was his mind that was sick. Always lookin' for trouble. That's how we met, come to think of it. He was lookin' and I was trouble.

It began at this schoo my Dad sent me to so that I wouldn't get in no more trouble. Only problem was, since everyone there was a troublemaker, I had to kind of overdo the anti-social behavior. I had to prove something, you know? Like no one could make me do what I didn't want to do? If I wanted to shove my big fat pecker in some nun's tight-lipped mouth that's my business. I don't know why they all made such a fuss out of it. She didn't bleed or anything. What made it so exciting for me, man, was when she was suckin' on it, I kept calling out 'Suck on the crucifix bitch...that's Christ in your mouth...don't choke on it, bitch, that's your savior in there.'

She didn't find it too amusing, I'll tell you. So, when the queenie priest came in and discovered us, it was decided that I better go to the Claptrap Reformatory, a school for wayward boys. That's me...wayward I thought it was going to be a big motherfuckin' bore...until I met Cat.

I met Cat outside the school gym. He was about 5'11" and 175 pounds of sheer rock-hard muscle. He was one good-lookin' stud. He had this kind of wild long hair that resembled a weepin' willow when it rains. And he always wore these torn leather vests...like he had been caught in a meat grinder and the only thing that came out straight was his prick. Everything else was crooked...torn...ripped and tattered. In short, he was a wild mess...a rebellious bushel of tumbleweed. He was known for lifting weights (as well as anything else he could get his hands on). And he had these big powerful biceps that were as fat as fresh hams. He had big tits that hung like canteloupes from a vine. No shirt was big enough for his chest. But he was one mean looking dude. A smile was about as rare on his face as a cunt that didn't smell.

I was fixin' up my bike...I'd stolen it off a traveling salesman who'd offered to suck my dick. I took the bike instead. Left him stranded on a highway with only a boner in his hand. Should have seen the look on his face as I tore off with the wheels. He jumped up, completely nude, and started running down the gravelly highway. Then he hit a pot hole, slipped and came crashing down on the hard tip of his cock. That must have hurt. Yeah...that must have hurt real bad.

Anyway, I was greasin' my wheels when this dude that I knew was Cat came over to me. He was wearing sunglasses that were as black as a Nubian's butthole. So I couldn't see his eyes. All I could see was the sneer cross his face and the spit begin to rise from the corners of his mouth. Angry son of a bitch.

"Where you get that bike, kid?" He growled.

"I stole it off some fairy," I answered slowly, making sure I was out of range of his spit.

"Nice looking machine. What he want...to suck you?"

"Yeah, how'd you know?" I replied.

"I'm no fool, kid. Whenever I want to get my rocks off, I head on over to the highway and let some trucker suck my dick." With that, he grabbed at his leather pants and squeezed a large section of the front fly. I could see something surge and expand underneath the skin-fabric and his grip tightened along the protuberance. He groaned and threw his head back like a neighing horse.

"Shit, fuck! I am getting pretty fuckin' horny looking at you grease up those wheels!" Cat knelt down and rubbed his black-gloved hand along the chrome of my bike. I could smell his man odor and it was pungent and sweet. Brut. Joe Namath's smell.

"So you're Cat?" I blurt out. Hoping he'd approve of me and accept me in his group.

Cat leaned down and looked at me...and still from a distance of three or four inches I couldn't see his eyes. He smiled.

"That's what they call me. What's it to you, kid?"

"I dunno...Cat...it's just that I've heard you're a pretty mean motherfucker and I'd like to join up with you."

"What you done to deserve being my friend? Kill anyone?" He touched my knee.

"No." I replied. "Not yet. But I did rape a nun."

"Terrific, kid. Not bad for starters." He didn't take his hand off my knee. "She like your cock in her?"

This was the m I was waiting for. "You bet, Cat, 'cause my cock is pretty fuckin' huge and she loved having it stuffed right inside her. Let me tell you it was not an immaculate conception."

Cat laughed and reached over to my groin. He stuck his gloved hand along the ridges of my jeans and felt the ripples of



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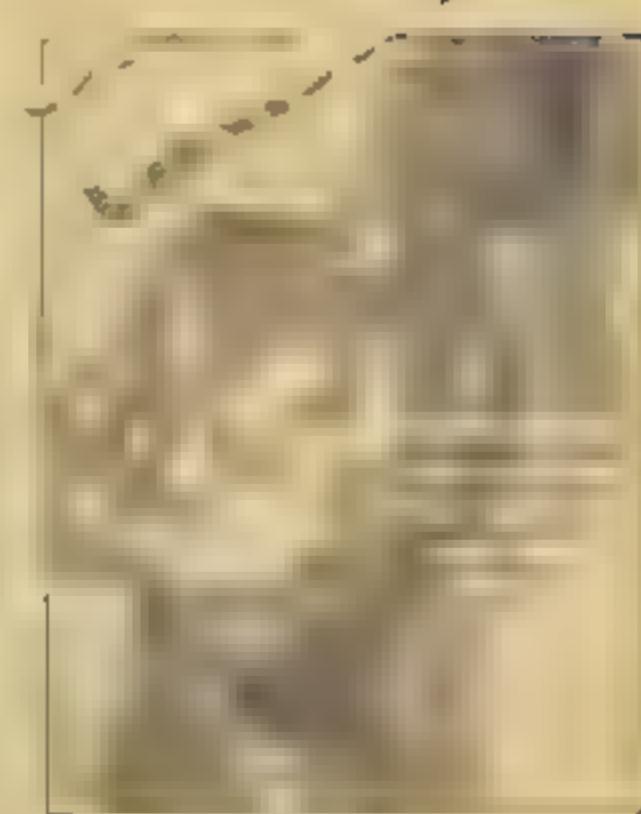
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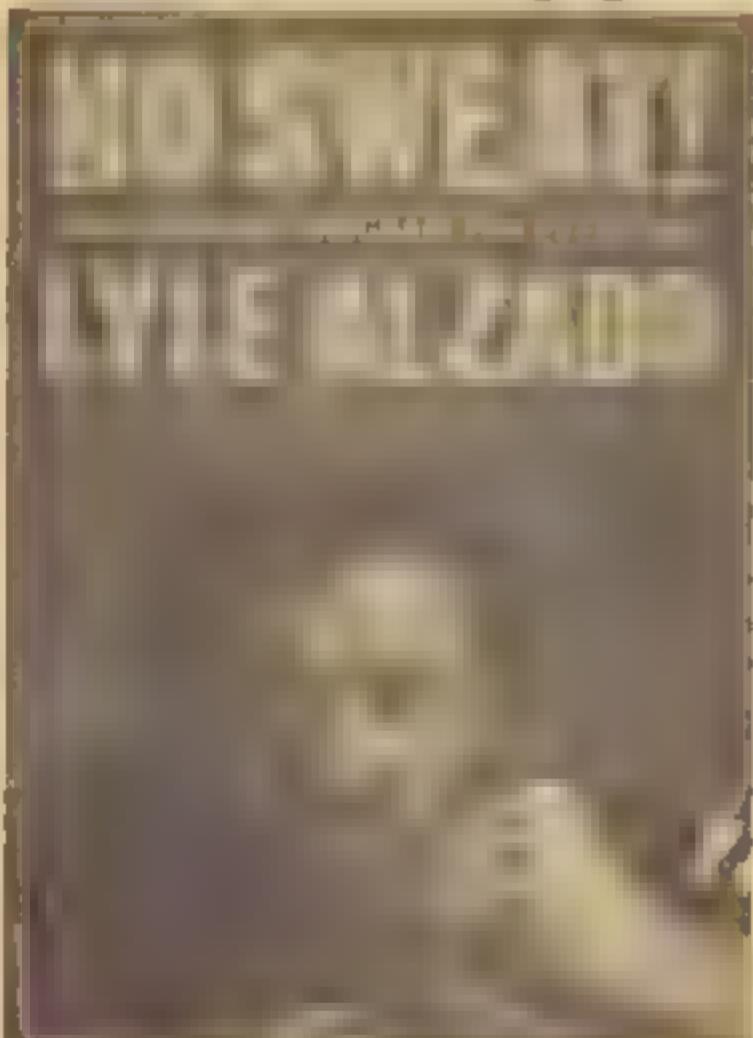
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my cock as it strained within the confining cloth. I dropped one leg from my crouching position and my dick stretched and yawned along the inner seam of my jeans. His hand was there to meet it head-on and he squeezed the top half of it. Then he pushed me hard in the stomach, knocking me flat on my back. Both of my feet were now under the bike and Cat leaped on top of me, his knees pressed hard against my shoulders. I could smell the leather of his pants, especially in the hot crotch which was poised like a basket above my chest. Then in a horrible moment of muffled silence, I heard the click of a switchblade.

I looked up and saw that Cat had removed his blade from his back pocket and had released the steel. It glimmered in the afternoon sunlight.

"Hey, Cat...don't! I didn't mean anything! I just thought we'd be friends...what's the knife for?"

But he wouldn't listen...he thumbed the knife in the sun and then brought it down along the area of my jeans where my belt was buckled. He slipped the blade underneath the leather of my belt and quickly tugged it up, cutting through the leather like it was butter. My cock ballooned out deeper into the recesses of my jeans, fear being the catalyst of my shame.

Then Cat took the blade and scrawled his initials in the faded fabric of my jeans, puncturing the cloth just above my balls. He pressed the blade deeper into the cloth and began to tear an opening. I could feel the cold steel as it tugged at the cloth and now and then darted along the hot skin of my sack. I was afraid. Afraid that he would plunge the dagger in deeper and stab right through my scrotum. Cut off my balls without mercy and wipe the blood along my face.

Instead, he finished cutting open a hole and then with both hands he ripped the fabric open further, revealing my big hairy balls. I could feel the wind blow through the hole and the little strands of hair on my testicles waved in the breeze like they were brandishing white flags of surrender to the enemy.

With a final cut he ripped open the fly on my jeans and tore my pants off, pulling them down along my muscled thighs. My ass scratched along the roots and dirt underneath my back and I could feel the leaves crackle. My cock jumped out and stood poised at full mast like a dagger itself. He took the knife and gently rubbed the flat-edge of it along the shaft...cold metal against hot flesh. I was terrified that he might slip and cut off the fat thick rod of flesh. But he was slow and assured and moved like an expert surgeon in an operating room.

"Shit, that is some fuckin' mean lookin' pecker, kid. Maybe I should cut it in half...much too big for a little sucker like you!"

"No, Cat! Don't...please don't! I'll do anything you say! I promise! I'll be your best friend...I'll kill for you! Whatever...just don't cut it off!" I cried out in a hoarse desperate voice.

"Don't worry, kiddo. I ain't gonna cut it off. I'm gonna suck it off."

With that, he leaned over and took the straining head of my rigid pole and placed it against the ridge of his lips. Then in a swift and well-practiced hand, he slipped the cock past the lips and deep into the recesses of his throat. Three inches in...then four, then the full eight, past the wall of his soft palette, past the uvula, deep into the throne of his throat. I could feel the mucus of his esophagus cling to the head of my cock. Swallow it in deeper and moisten it with his deep spit. Then he pulled the pecker out slowly and licked at the shaft with his flickering tongue. I could feel the blood pound inside his head as he maneuvered the hard muscle inside his mouth.

He removed the cock and started to rub it up and down with his gloved hand...I could feel an orgasm of tremendous proportions surge through my sack. But I held back and let him suck on it harder. This hot stud who looked like John McEnroe on a good day was praying over my cock, sucking it deeper and deeper into the vessel of his head. He was manhandling my fag-pole, slapping it back and forth, whipping it into a frenzy. I could feel the froth bubble and boil in my balls...only a moment and then Cat shoved the hard tool deeper into his mouth, pressing his cheeks against the coarse pubic hair, sucking up the balls like his whole head was a Hoover, and my sex

was the dirt on the carpet. Then he took both of his hands and pulled down on the tight skin of the shaft and I couldn't restrain myself, the lava was molten and it was brimming, bubbling, boiling. The fucking load shot out of my cock and landed splat on his face, then another shot, and another!

The burning embers of my testicles sent wave upon wave of the boiling man-oil onto his prickly cheeks, more onto his jaw and a few triumphant splatters onto his elusive sunglasses. They coated the blackness of his lenses. He would have to take them off. When he did, I felt a thrill go through my body. He had the most incredible, clear, green eyes. The eyes of a predator...the eyes of a cat.

I lay there, exhausted. My balls felt like someone had squeezed them. Hell, that was a great orgasm. I looked up at Cat. He was smiling, and his cool green eyes shone in the afternoon light.

"You like that, boy?" he demanded.

"You bet, Cat. That was incredible."

"Turn over. It's my turn," he brusquely said.

My head spun. What did he say? Turn over? What did he mean by "it's my turn?"

"Uh, I got to get going, Cat..." I said, trying to get up on my feet.

"Wait a minute, man!" he shot back, a determined glare in his eyes. "I said it's my turn. Roll over." He poked the switchblade at my butt.

I did as he told me. I rolled over on my stomach, my skin pressing hard against the rough dirt underneath me. My ass was unprotected.

"Shit, that is some nice ass you got, boy," he said through clenched teeth. "Such a hot, tight ass!"

I squirmed on the ground. I didn't like the sound of his voice. Then I heard him spit.

He leaned over me and placed his spit-coated forefinger against the hot opening of my butt-hole. I could feel how thick and warm his spit was. It felt creamy. Then he dug the tip of his finger inside the tube of my ass. For a second it toyed with the lips of my man-hole, then, roughly, he shoved it all the way in.

"Ahhh, yeah, whoooee! Tight male pussy. Hot male pussy!" Cat intoned.

He poked his finger deeper inside me. Man, it hurt like hell. But he didn't just leave it in there. He slowly moved it in and out, turning his finger around so that the soft tip of it massaged my prostate gland. I felt like I had to take a wicked dump, but the more he stroked that spot the more my own cock started to grow and stretch.

I heard Cat get down to his knees. He placed both of his gloved hands on the sides of my ass and pulled it towards him. I felt a fat, hard, burning round thing touch my ass cheeks. I jumped away as fast as I could. I turned around and looked at Cat. In his hands he was holding his prick. It looked like the leg of a child. So stiff and long. The head of it was round and blunt, bigger than the shaft. He stroked the length of it with both hands, pulling on the skin of it so that the hole on the end of it opened up real wide. I thought if I looked closer I could see inside his cock all the way to his balls.

"Get back here!" he barked.

"No, Cat! I can't! It's too big! Please!" I cried back.

"I don't like spoiled sports," he said. "I did you, now you do me. Come here and lube this tool."

"I...I can't..."

SAID COME HERE!" he shouted. Fury racing through his body like a bullet. His cock stretched and ballooned out at its head.

I stepped closer to him. He immediately grabbed my hair with his fist and pulled me over to him with my head.

"Suck it, shithead!"

I didn't have much choice. The only way to calm this monster down was to relax him by doing what he told me. I stared at the huge thing he held in his hands. I didn't even think I could get my mouth around the head of it. He pushed me down so that the tip of it pressed against my lips. I relented and the swollen

head passed through my teeth into the cavern of my mouth. It felt like I had a roll of paper towels shoved in there. But it tasted salty and sweet at the same time. I could feel the big blue vein on the bottom of his pecker pass along my tongue.

It was undulating like a snake. I brought my tongue around to the top portion of his mammoth rod and licked at the edges of the corona.

Cat leaned into me and forced the rest of his hose deeper into the confines of my throat. I gagged as the head of the battering ram hit the opening to my esophagus. I pushed it out of my mouth.

"It's...too...big!" I blurted out, choking.

"Shut up!" he ordered.

I spat a big wad of saliva onto the head of it and rubbed it along the shaft with my hand. Holy shit, his cock felt like two dicks in my hand. I started to rub it up and down. I brought both hands up to it and pulled and tugged at the thick flesh. It felt fantastic.

"You do that good, kid. You like feelin' how big it is, don't ya?" he gritted his teeth again. I had never felt a cock so hard in my life. I could tell by the way that he threw his head back and let it roll on his shoulders that he was gettin' real hot. He was gonna blow any second.

"On your knees, again. Do as I say!" he shouted.

I got on my knees, like in the first position in wrestling. This time he didn't even wait to poke his finger into the furnace. He grabbed onto my hips and with a gruff heaving sound he pushed the gigantic prick inside me. I screamed with the pain as the entirety of it was shoved in. But he didn't stop.

Suddenly, I felt like a bomb went off in my butt. Each time he brought the head of his dick back out to the tight opening of my ass, I felt my head go faint, and my prostate gland shudder. Sparks flew through my brain like gunfire. My heart pounded. My back arched as if his cock had become my spine. He lifted my ass up off the ground with each successive thrust. I was totally impaled on his prick!

Thwack!

I felt his hand slap my buttocks. A brilliant red light flashed before my eyes. A brilliant, warm glow emanated from the skin of my ass. Every nerve in my body seemed to respond to his every move. The unbearable pleasure of his pounding pud in my male box; the blinding shimmers of delight that sprung from my heated flesh; the palpable pull of my balls as they screamed for release...again.

"I'm gonna shoot my load in you, you bastard!" he hollered.

"Go ahead, Cat...fill me up with your juice!"

"Ooh, yeah, tell me you love it. Tell me it hurts so much you can't stop begging for it!"

"Fuck me, Cat! Fuck me! Shoot your cum in my ass! Fuck me!"

With a grimace and a holler, Cat dug his nails into my back and arched his back. His cock was shoved as far inside me as possible. The head of it stretched my insides to the bursting point. Then I felt it. I felt the fireball of his cum shoot inside me, burning its way along the walls of my rim-chute. Splash after splash of the heated liquor!

I reached underneath me and touched the tender tip of my own pecker. Just the touch caused the top of it to explode in a frenzy of creamy white bullets, blasting out of me like shrapnel.

Cat collapsed on top of me and dropped his head to my neck, biting me in ever gentler bites. Finally, he pushed forward and pulled my head back to reach his. He dropped his hips down onto mine and sucked my tongue into his mouth. We both opened our eyes at the same time. In the reflection of his green irises, I saw my own eyes wild with passion.

We didn't say anything for a long time. Then Cat lifted himself up and began to pull his cock out of me. I clamped down real tight on the thick head of it, making it impossible for him to pull out.

"Hey what're you doin'?" he cried out.

"Just shut up, you motherfucker, and keep fucking!" I demanded. He did as he was told.

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PLAYING TO WIN

BY SIMON



He sat on the stool coolly surveying the surroundings in the half-light of the barroom, small groups of men in animated conversation, empty-eyed men sipping their beer in solitude, aggressive cruisers whose eyes went from the chain around his boot to his crotch and then to his placid, bearded face, and then darted on to someone else when the look wasn't reciprocated. His own glance rested on the small

group of men around the pool table. This was his third night in the bar and this one group never changed. He was aware that he was the object of their curiosity but it did little to affect him.

Tonight the bar was a little more crowded and he

sought out the open space near the pool table where he sat, sipped his beer and smoked. Each of the players made eye contact and some smiled and nodded. The man returned the silent greeting and then looked off into the distance. He knew his presence was felt and each of the players was sizing him up. It had happened dozens of times before in dozens of leather bars.

He was not handsome or young. His looks were striking and unforgettable and had as much to do with his direct attitude as it did with his dark angular features. His eyes made contact with

most of the men surrounding the pool table and the look was returned briefly by each of the men. The look was not an invitation but merely an acknowledgement of the surroundings. Then the light would dim in his eyes and fix on another person. The look always returned to Jason.

Jason was a regular in the bar and part of the group that played pool into the morning hours. The bar to him was a social club rather than a pick-up place. He was good looking, sought after and never had trouble attracting attention to himself. Chances are that he would make contact with someone before closing time or, if not, on the long walk home along the waterfront. He was a sexual experimenter, interested more in chance encounters in unlikely places with unlikely people. He prided himself on the fact that he could fit into any role that was to his liking at the moment. His buddies began goading him on about the stranger, for they too had seen the looks passing between them. Jason was certainly curious but resisted the temptation, preferring to set his sights on a good game of pool. As he crouched low, aiming his cue for a rebound shot into the corner pocket, he noticed the man smiling at him. The ball banked the corner and came to rest far from its target. The game was lost and Jason went for a beer in a sullen mood. The stranger had gotten to him after all.

When Jason returned, the crowd had thinned out and the pool table was free. He picked up a cue and silently held it out towards the stranger. The man accepted the unspoken challenge and took his first shot, breaking up the triangle of multi-colored balls and sending them careening across the green felt, scoring one ball in the process. The game proceeded silently and expertly with the two men matching each other point for point. Soon the deciding ball, black eight, was all that was left. The stranger retired to the shadows as Jason carefully set up the shot. He realized he was nervous and the tingle of competitiveness was a stronger emotion than he usually had to deal with. There was something more than a piss-ant game of eight-ball at stake. The eight ball was resting against the rail only an inch from the side pocket. There were limited choices with a shot like that. He decided to hug the rail with the white ball, gently nudging the scoring ball into the pocket. When Jason felt the contact of the cue with the ball he knew it was too hard to keep it up against the rail. Sure enough, the white ball rebounded at a slight angle, passing the black ball by a hair. The game was over.

Jason stood hunched over the padded rim of the table for a long time before he turned around to the stranger. His eyes searched the shadows and stools, but the man was gone. The cue had been placed back in the rack and the area was deserted. He gulped down the remains of his beer, picked his jacket up from the stool and headed for the damp night air.

The man sat in his car on the darkened street smoking a cigarette as Jason left the bar, crossed to the river bank and walked towards home. He started the car and slid into the thinning traffic. Further along the road he pulled into a parking area along the river. He lit another cigarette and waited. He could see the shadows of men cruising along the walk but none of it appealed to him. As Jason stepped into the pool of light from the street lamp, the man opened his door and swung his booted feet onto the pavement. He stood there, his back to the sound of the oncoming footsteps, waiting. Jason passed the car and turned to look at the stranger. A match flared in the man's cupped hand, illuminating his face briefly, but long enough Jason turned and walked to the car.

"You want to stand around here all night or would you rather go somewhere and fuck?"

"Get in the car." The stranger smiled for the first time as he spoke

They spoke haltingly during the journey. Jason noticed that all the small talk was cleverly steered away from anything personal. He was lost in these thoughts when the car pulled up to a small building in the warehouse district. The first floor was all garage space and the car neatly pulled into one of the vacant slots. They entered through a side door and walked up to the second floor. The apartment appeared to be one huge room

divided by low walls and tiled platforms. The tiled area ran the length of one wall and contained the kitchen and, behind the low partition, the toilet facilities, all overlooking the large main room.

The man took Jason's jacket and casually flung it to a corner of the room where it was swallowed by the shadows. Jason began to protest this casual treatment of his property but the man had pulled off his own coat and treated it with similar disdain. Jason thought, "Oh well, when in Rome," but there was a lingering hint of danger in his mind.

A large rectangle of padded leather dominated the room and Jason positioned himself seductively on it, his long legs stretching apart to reveal the bulge in his levis. The man joined him, handed him a beer and sat next to him. A joint appeared and was passed between them. Jason relaxed his guard a little as music began to play and all the lights went out except for the spotlights on the platform. The rest of the space receded into darkness.

"Get up and take your clothes off...slowly," the stranger commanded—the first complete sentence he had spoken all night. As Jason stood, a bit unsteadily, he realized that the grass was having the desired effect. He took center stage as the man moved to the farthest corner to watch. Jason pulled his boots off and neatly positioned them in a corner. With a wise sweep of his foot, the man kicked them into the darkness. Jason's shirt came next and he tossed it aside, exposing his tanned, muscular chest. He began to move in time to the rhythms of the music. He flexed his arms, putting his hands behind his head. The sweat glistened under his arms and along the small patch of gold hair on his chest. He unbuttoned the top of the jeans, exposing the darker hair that covered his stomach. Turning his back to the stranger, Jason undid the rest of the buttons and slowly lowered his pants. As he bent over to free his legs, exposing the crack of his hairy ass, he saw the man inch forward to get a better look. Jason, confident of the power in his body, abruptly turned to face the man. Wearing only a jock and some sweat socks, he walked closer to him and began to massage the bulge in the pouch. Soon the thick cockhead appeared over the elastic band, the shaft pushing out the pouch. He lowered the jock and began to run his hands lightly over the thickly veined rod. A booted foot appeared between his legs, forcing the jock to the floor. The man stood up and moved closer, his dark eyes fixed on Jason's.

"Get all those clothes in a nice, neat pile right here," he said, as he forced Jason to his knees in the middle of the platform. The stranger disappeared into the darkness and when he came back, holding two more beers, Jason was kneeling on the platform with his clothes neatly arranged between his legs. He took the beer from the stranger and watched fascinated as the man began to undo his pants slowly. Still fully dressed, the stranger pulled his prick through the opening and let it hang in semi-hardness from his pants. The cock was uncut and the head was slowly beginning to emerge from the foreskin. He let the meat dangle a short distance from Jason's face as a trickle of piss began to drip onto the pile of clothes. Jason bent forward to take the liquid but the man pushed him away. By now, the trickle had turned into a heavy, golden stream that saturated the clothing and filled the boots. As the man gulped down the remaining beer, he directed his rod to all the remaining dry spots on the clothing. Jason, hypnotized by the light catching the golden stream, slowly became aware of the soggy clothing at his knees. With a thud of fear in his stomach, he realized that he had fallen again under this man's silent power. Only this wasn't a good-natured game of pool.

He moved to push the clothing away but the man stopped him. He grabbed Jason's wrist tightly as he poured the remains of his beer can onto the already soggy pile. Jason felt that he could overpower him if necessary, but the look in the man's eyes told him that this could become a knock-down drag-out fight. Jason pulled his wrist free and waited. He was caught off-balance as the man's boot caught him lightly in the chest and sent him backwards. The man approached and placed a

cautionary boot on Jason's heavy groin. He rubbed the foot up and down, feeling the hardness beneath. The pressure continued as Jason winced in discomfort and tried to pull away. The stranger relaxed the pressure and bent forward as if to say something—but instead he spat in Jason's face.

Jason's patience had reached its limit. He wrapped his bare leg around the man's and pulled forward. Toppling backward, he loosened his foot from Jason's groin. Taking advantage of the moment, Jason leapt forward, pulling the man down. The man, panting heavily, began pulling the black leather belt from his dungarees and Jason noticed for the first time that the man's cock had grown hard. He reached for the belt and forced it free of the man's hands, sending him sprawling onto his stomach.

Jason was mad and wanted revenge. He took the belt and looped it around the man's neck. With a firm grip, he jerked the belt upward, bringing the man to his knees. With a forward tug, Jason had the man's face buried in his dark, sweaty pubic hair.

"Take that cock and get it good and hard again, motherfucker," Jason commanded, his voice hard with hatred. The kneeling man winced and drew back, but a hard slap across the face made him more accepting of his fate. He took Jason's soft, thick cock in his mouth and slowly began to stroke it. He gently took the head between his teeth and began to tongue the piss slit. Jason forced a few drops of piss onto the man's tongue. Soon it became a thick stream flowing down the man's throat. He pulled his cock out of the hungry mouth and let it flow freely into the man's beard and down onto his clothing. The man let the yellow stream drench his body as he reached for his thickly veined cock and began to pump away.

"Why you stupid cock-sucker, that's what you wanted all the time, isn't it?" Jason shouted. The man nodded his head as he cupped his hands, filling them with piss and licking it greedily. Jason felt the hardness coming back into his rod as he let the last few drops of salty piss fall on the man's waiting tongue. He stroked the cock until the veins stood out on the shaft and the head became red and then shoved it down the man's throat. His

hatred of the man eased up as he became more involved in fucking his face, but he didn't want to lose control of the situation. He loosened the belt from the man's neck and brought it down with a thud across his back.

"Bring me another beer, cunt-mouth!"

The man nodded and obediently went to the kitchen, soon to return with two beers.

"Are those both for me?"

"I wanted one for myself."

"I'll give you all the beer you want," Jason yelled as he popped open the can and sprayed it over the man.

"Take off that fuckin' smelly shirt!"

The man obeyed and Jason took the wet shirt and wrung it out, dripping beer and piss into the man's mouth. Jason leaned over and picked up one of the wet boots and emptied that into the mouth also, all the while stroking his heavy meat, his ball sac bouncing up and down, inches from the man's face. Both men were now pumping their meat in unison.

"Get up and take off the rest of those clothes, asshole!"

Jason took a long sip of beer as the man rose, dropped his jeans to expose a hairy, sweaty ass. Jason, amused that the tables had been turned, flicked the belt out at him, leaving a small red welt. The man responded with a low, inviting moan and jutted the hairy cheeks out further. Jason accommodated him with another stinging blow. As the third blow hit the ass, the man spun around, grabbing the belt. Jason was momentarily caught off-guard and they wrestled to the ground, each man unable to firmly grasp the sweaty, piss-covered body of his opponent.

"You stupid fuck, I'll show you who's boss!" Jason bellowed as he threw his body on top of the man's, pinning him down. His dick was at complete attention as it slid down the hairy crack and poised itself to enter the man. Jason knew that he didn't want to play any more games tonight. He held the man by the shoulders and positioned his groin over the man's hairy legs as he spread them apart. His dripping dick was knocking at the door when the man forced his hand free, but only to reach for

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Zach

an inhaler. It was at that moment of mutual agreement that a truce had been called. They both inhaled deeply and Jason thrust himself inside the man.

"Oh man, fuck it good and hard!" the man cried, pushing his hole up to meet Jason's thrusts. Jason pulled the man up to him and slid his arms around the hairy chest, grabbing onto the firm nipples and riding him hard and steady. With each thrust, his meat was buried a little deeper.

"I had to work fucking hard to get here and I'm staying a long time, so get used to it."

They moved slowly, the man wanting it harder and harder, but he wasn't going to have it his way anymore. Jason ran his hands down the firm body until he had the man's steaming shaft in his hand. He pumped it in time with his own movements. When Jason felt the man tighten up, he released his hold on the cock long enough to let it cool down so he could tease it back up again.

"Please man, I can't hold back any more!"

"Just shut up and take my cock up that hairy hole," Jason ordered

"I want to feel you inside me. I want to take all your man juice up my ass. Pump your load into me, please!"

Jason began to stroke harder as he felt the man's nuts tighten up. Once again he slowed and then withdrew totally. He turned the man over on his back, threw his legs up over his broad shoulders and prepared to enter the man again.

"I'll pump it into you all right," Jason said as he forced his throbbing meat the full length into the waiting hole. The man reached for his long rock-hard shaft as Jason slowly began caressing the man's face with his hand. With each contact, the pressure of the hand got harder until they became soft slaps. The man moaned with each stroke of Jason's cock and hand, working now in unison. The intensity was increased until both men were caught up in the same passionate rhythm.

There was no turning back now. They had both reached the limit of their endurance and it was only a matter of time. The

man grabbed for the inhaler and then his own cock, dripping with pre-cum along the veined shaft. He stuck the inhaler in Jason's nostril and the intensity increased. Jason's strokes were met by the man's own. Added to the slaps were the globs of spittle that came from Jason's mouth and landed on the man's face. Jason's hand became slimy with spit and he forced it between the man's lips. He moaned and arched his back as his fist moved faster against his cock. Jason increased his speed also and at last concentrated solely on the urgency of his own body.

"I'm going to come...I can't hold back....fuck me, man, fuck me, fuck me hard!"

As the white cream spurted out onto the man's hairy chest, Jason let out a low rumble that increased to a moan as his cock pumped his man juice into the waiting hole.

"Take my come, you cocksucker...take it good...take it all!"

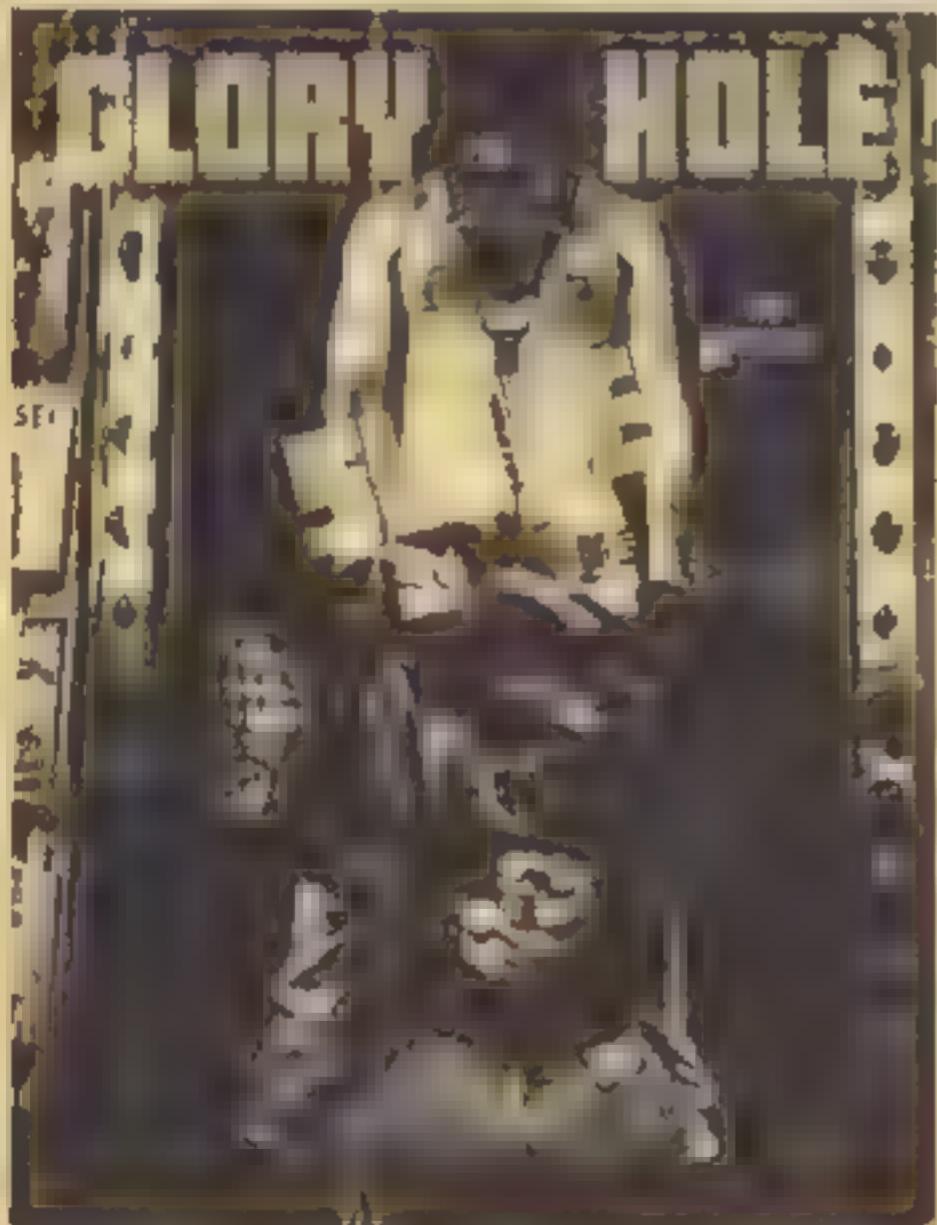
The spasms in Jason's body subsided as he lay on top of the man's hairy, sticky chest. He slowly slid his body down until his mouth was reaching for the last drop of juice in the man's softening dick. He licked at the white pearl and buried his head in the man's hairy belly. They dozed fitfully in that position until the first rays of light shone through the skylight. They lazily showered together and prepared to part. They looked at each other, openly admiring the r tight muscular bodies but neither spoke.

At the door, the man naked and Jason fully dressed to leave, they haltingly mumbled their good-byes. The door closed behind Jason as he stumbled down the stairs. Halfway down he heard the door and turned to see the man standing at the top, his cock swinging freely, with a smile on his face. He stammered something and Jason tilted his head to hear.

"What I meant to say was, it's not how you win the game but how you play."

Jason smiled broadly as he waved good-bye. "Then I guess that makes us both winners." □

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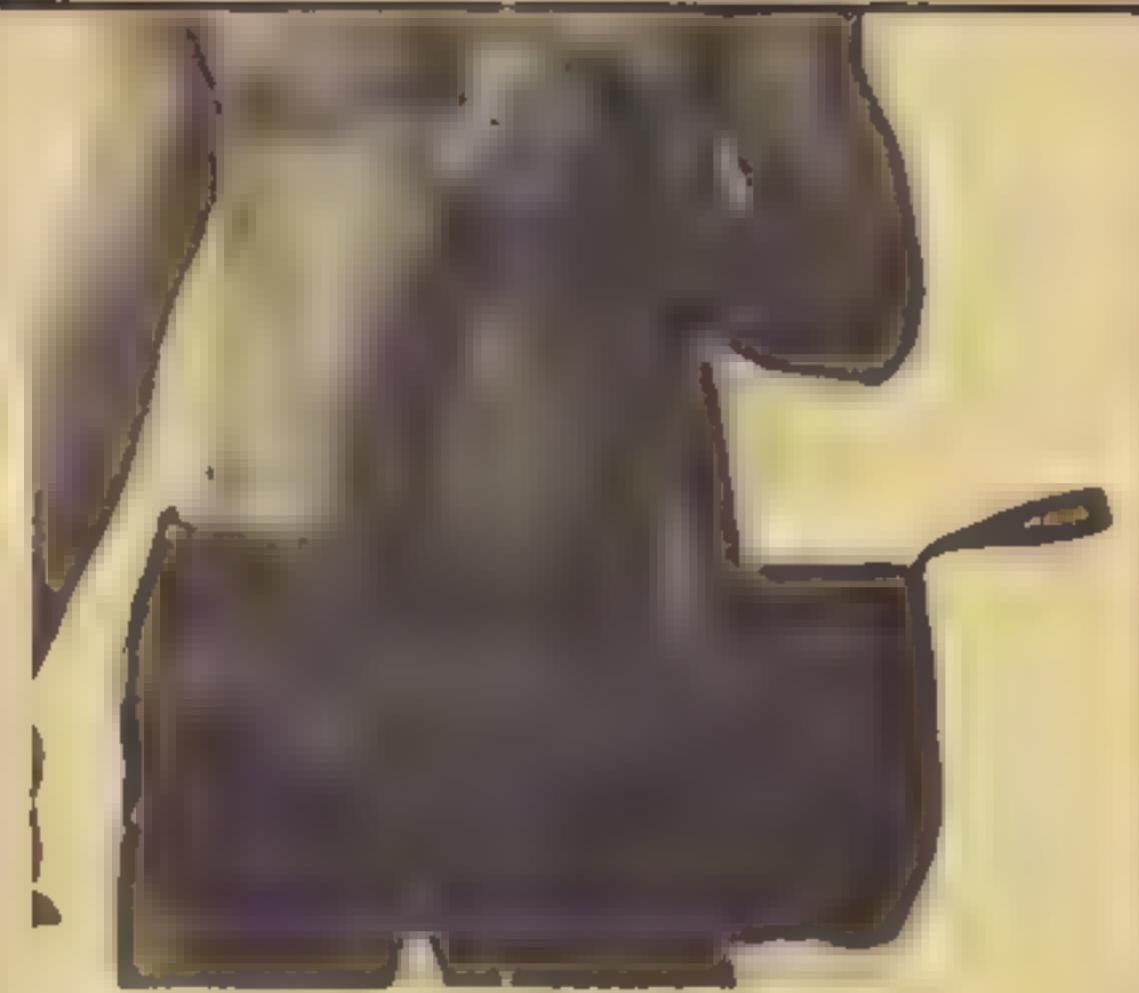
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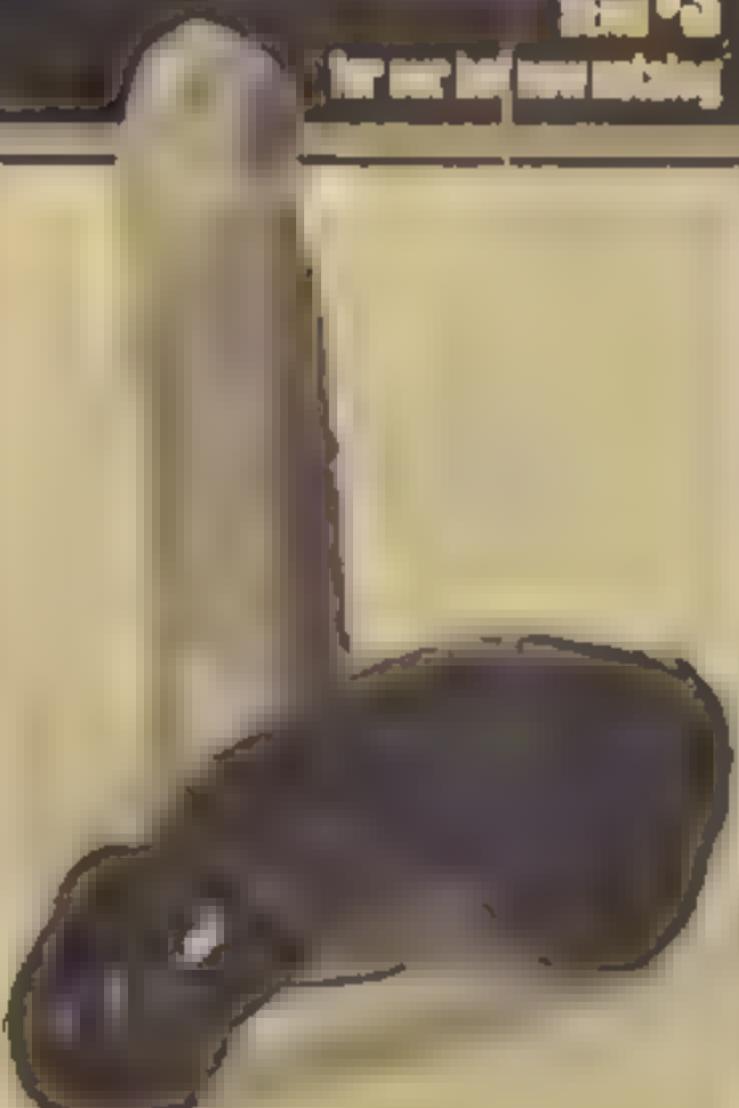
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THE LEATHER NOTEBOOK

by Larry Townsend

Dear Larry,

I was amused to note in your last column that you tried to answer that clown who did the dumb article in *Mandate* about the evils of being devoted to leather. I agreed with you, as far as you went. But you missed the most important point by not picking up on the asinine remark about our trying to achieve a "leather lifestyle."

Now, I'm about as much into leather/SM as it's possible to get. I'm in my forties, have been a slave and am now more or less of a Master. I always wear leather to the bars or clubs and I hardly ever have sex that isn't at least symbolically SM. But I also work a good job, own a home, drive a decent car, and have an active social life that includes dining out in some "better" restaurants, going to shows and the opera, etc. When engaged in these activities I don't wear leather, nor does anyone else I know. So, what's this leather lifestyle shit? Maybe you've got one, or the guys who put out *Drummer* do. But if someone doesn't make his living in, by and for the leather crowd, how the fuck can we have a

"leather lifestyle?"

Living with no lifestyle, CT

Dear Living,

I was hoping no one would ask me this one, because some guys I'm rather fond of have already put their foot in it by claiming this elusive "Leather Lifestyle." And they have exactly the same problem you have—or I have, or any of us have. However much we may enjoy leather and SM sex, there are some times and places where the costume and attitudes are inappropriate. The problem becomes even more apparent if you try to analyze the leather group, as I did with the survey in *Handbook II*. Although this was not a scientifically controlled sampling, the figures I obtained were so lopsided, they have to be at least somewhat indicative of "who's out there." I came up with about 40% advanced university degrees in my sample group. Less than 4% had failed to at least graduate from high school, and a comfortable majority were college graduates. This group of men are nearly all in their 30's and up, so it would be logical to expect that they would (as a group) be doing well financially. We might also expect a fairly high level of social awareness, diverse intellectual interests, along with business/professional activities that preclude their "living in leather." Still, many of us consider ourselves to be "leatherguys," regardless of whatever else we have to do in our lives outside the area of leather/SM. For this reason, then, I think "leather lifestyle" is a foolish term to use, simply because it implies an exclusive condition that very few men are able to achieve. And don't ask me to define what it should be. I'm not that much of a masochist.

Dear Larry,

I would like to comment on "Sincere & Willing, VT" (*Drummer* 75), and relate my own experience in placing an ad in *Drummer*, with the heading / "Pig Wanted." I received a potpourri of approximately 80 responses: 15 from England and Central Europe, one from Australia, 20 from Canada, and the rest from the USA. Several were from guys who lived a great distance from me, but just wrote for the joy of acknowledging another pig out there. Because of where I live, many wrote that they would be passing through. I was shortly able to distinguish which were the serious letters (i.e., those which were legible and not stuck together). Surprisingly, only six guys totally understood the ad and responded accordingly. Only five did not receive a response from me. Others received a letter and photo, thanking them for their interest. For whatever reason, only 25 continued with any correspondence, thus indicating our mutual seriousness.

I fully enjoyed responding to all these guys, but also realized that it was becoming very time-consuming and a bit expensive. So, on the basis of my experience, I think VT had a very good response to his letters, and think he might have been expecting more than any series of letters could achieve. Contacts don't always work out in the bars and clubs; why expect it to be any different with Drumbeats!

D LePorc, Vancouver, B.C.

Dear Porker,

Your responses were quite interesting. I'm glad to see that the Drumbeat ads are drawing so well. I guess in any such situation there is going to be more chaff than wheat. But, as "they" say, it only takes one—unless you're a real pig, and then maybe it takes two or three...or four...five...20!

Dear Larry Townsend,

To become a complete slave to a Master, to comply with all his demands, and to do exactly as he commands, and still maintain a semblance of one's own mind so he can continue to work and assist in support of the Master—How does one become trained to do both? Is there a good course to be taken? Try as I may, when attempting complete servitude I find I tend to lose my presence of mind, which I require for my job. Do I have to wait to retire to be the complete slave I desire to be?

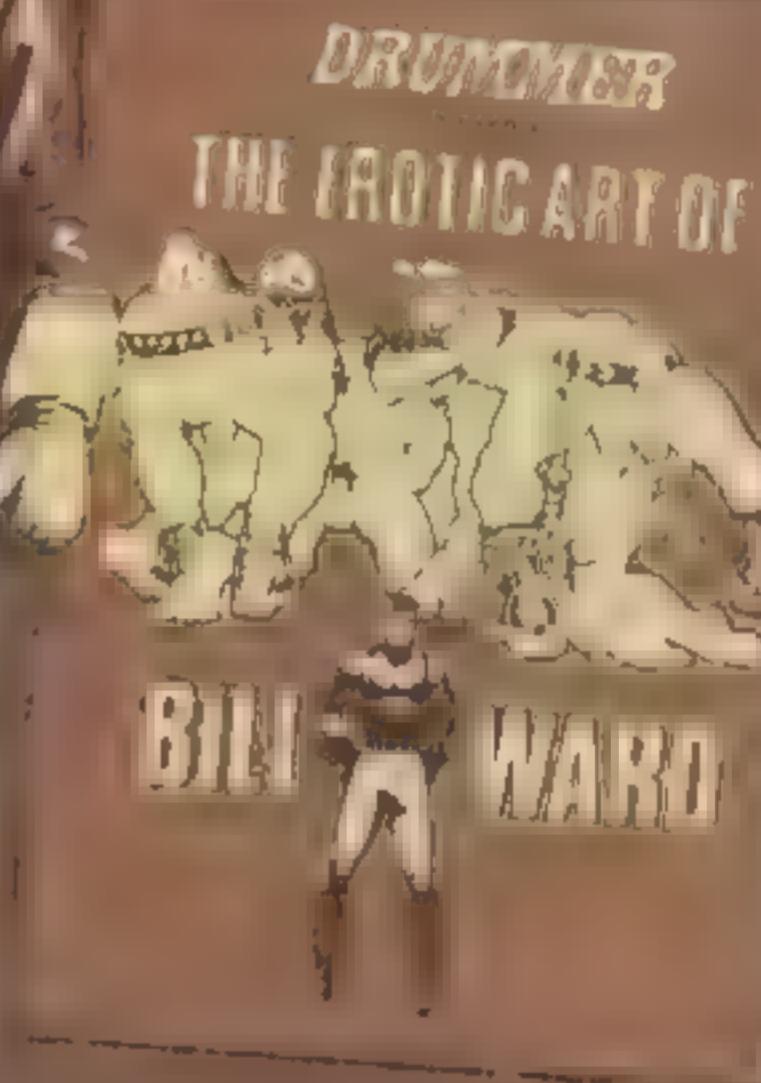
In Brotherhood Miami

Dear Brotherhood,

Since your servitude to your Master presumably takes place in a different time and place from your work situation, I don't see why this should be so much of a problem. Most gay men learn early on to lead a sort of double life, and this is not necessarily exclusive to us. There are many hot workers who take a lot of shit on their jobs, working as low men on the company totem poles, but who still remain "masters" within their own families once the door of their homes close behind them at night.

You may be living the reverse of this, but I know a lot of guys who sit in a seat of command in the office, aware at all times of their true status because their Master's marks can be felt on their asses, even as they issue their commands. I suppose this is more difficult for some than for others, but as you get used to the idea it should become easier for you to carry it off. Just remember that, even as you perform these seemingly unrelated tasks in your work space, you are actually carrying out the commands of your Master.

(If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via Leather Notebook, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107.)



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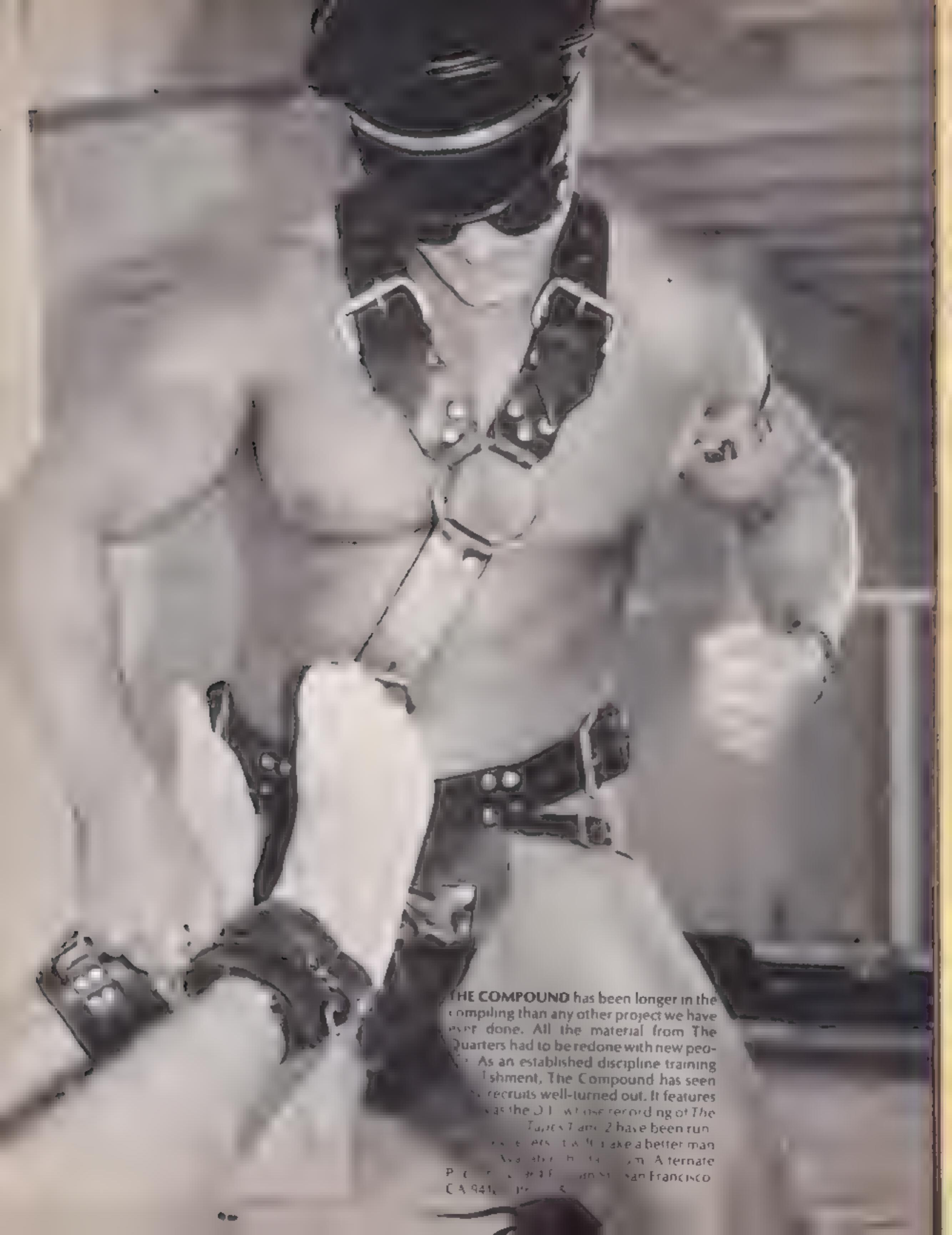












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SLAVE WANTED

29 year old W Master seeks permanent, NO BULLSHIT, genuinely submissive slave who knows his place in life. This is a lifestyle, not a hobby. Willing to train the right one if needed. Reply NOW to Sir, Box 894, Roselle, NJ 07203

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Of DRUMMER to complete collection. Will consider reasonable \$ for good condition. HSG, 892 Washington Blvd Baltimore MD 21230

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Seeking buddies to turn fantasies into her reality. W/ S/M bondages, kinky CBT, etc. into early 30's or 40's. 1 to 30 b/t. Will enjoy the S/M massage. D, and seeking to expand, explore. Address, phone in action letter Box 4198

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To be stripped of humanity collared domesticated, and kept as pet by firm, yet reasonable Master (GWM 28 brn/brn) Young blonde preferred. Submit letter (and be prepared) All unanswered, only one chosen. Box 4191

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DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in persona ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads, Services, Models, Travel, Resorts Employment For Sale etc. may have telephone numbers included in their advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no extra charge.

SLAVE SON 21-35

If you seek total subservient existence hard work, German Daddy master 37 will own your body and mind and provide permanent position for healthy dedicated, obedient boy. Apply with photo, complete address, and phone to S. 156 Bunker St., Folsom, CA 95010. MA 02657. Must relocate

WANTED-YOUNG MEN TO 35

For live in work at motel. Job involves light maintenance & cleaning desk duties. Must be 18-25, 5'4" to 6'2", be willing to learn how to give a massage. In exchange for room with photo & address. Reply to Gary Seitz—3945 W. Houser Hwy A2 85231

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Seek others into animal costume transformation scenes (gorilla, pig, bear, monster, etc). No beastiality. Serious only please Box 4171

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This 35 5'11" slim hairy slave into S/M & BD & TT wants to give almost virgin ass into FF—Seek daddy leathermaster in 30's up with hairy chest hung/please Sir teach me total mental body control in degradation humiliation. I need to be a perfect obey & worship a master. Awaiting your command Sir. Can travel USA. Box 20648, Atlanta, GA 30308

SLAVE WANTED IN RENO

For leather action, SM C&B&TT, B&D more I'm hung, trim, 33 GWM. You're slim but submissive and obedient. You want frequent attention or a permanent Master. Live-in or nearby required. LF4015 Write Box 20835 Reno NV 89515

SLAVE WANTED

Two professional, caring, dominate GWM's mid 30's have position for obedient full-time slave. Application w/ photo gets reply. MSTRS P O B 50286 WASH D C 20001

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To live the piquant reality of hard driving, relentless servitude under two strong horny intense, stable, handsome topmen? We've been together and into leather for years and know how to train and direct any slave who is ready to the total surrender of body and mind. You should apply only if you are serious and imaginative. No lazies, ego heads or coldfeet. We expect you to be ready and willing. We will make you able. Slave's ass must be prepared for

intense, heavy S/M, boot shine, white glove perfection long term no bullshit relationship. We're both experienced topmen into bondage, beating, verbal abuse, enforced humiliation, and giving orders. It is now time for us to train and develop a slave for our care and pleasure. We're 6'2" 175 lbs blonde/blonde uncircumcised with good body. And mecha: man member # 879 5'8" 145 lbs/1 brown with 8% og. Both 39 and in good shape. Your looks and body are unimportant. We will change them to fit our needs. Any race or age O.K. You must be masculine and healthy enough to be trained. If you are not ready for complete servitude don't waste our time. Address your humble resume with photo to MASTERS LARRY & MIKE P O Box 1104 Sandy Utah 84091 LF4088

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Healthy? Group Looking for masculine multiple outlets & sensuality? Need makes of all interests to take part in Private Group. Must be clean & healthy & be able to locate in Houston—go self & equipment are readily accessible. Have facilities available if you desire and are accepted. If your discreet, responsible and have some interest send confidential letter as to your preferences—active, passive, versatile, training needs and experiences, for additional details. Only mature (over 30) any race, but no drugs or drunks. Learn, experience and expand together. Beginners welcomed. Versatile W/M 5-11—180W Box LF3329

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Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, w/b, rimming S/M more. Am 29 180 lb 5 ft 10 in, brown hair/eyes, bearded. Br dwl. Box 7686 Atlanta GA 30357 0686

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Experienced, level headed hardson sadistic Master seeks young captives for his California ranch. You will be stripped, chained, shaved, tortured and trained to become a total slave animal. No limits tolerated. Reply with photo. Box 4188.

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Versatile (top or bottom) seeks others into fucking, fisting, WS, rimming, SM, more. Am 29, 160 lbs, 5'10", brown hair/eyes, beard. Bridwell Box 7685 Atlanta, GA 30357-0686.

**BIG HEAVY, HAIRY
TOPMAN NEEDED**
Thirsty GWM, 30, 6' 230 lbs wants large hairy topman to service while you fatten the pig up. Box 3883.

I AM A sadIST
I am safe, sane and very experienced. Is your body worth my effort? Write w/ photo. P. Bremo, Box 148 NYC NY 10016.

**ARE YOU MY MASTER,
MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?**
Create, Intel gent booted horman 35, 6'1", 175 mustache need the right guy to share his life and leather with. I off my mind and body lots. I'm the man who can dedicate his to me in return if you require and can give disc. no service, obedience training, respect, worship and submiss. than we're the real test. Tucker I will make a present of my nut sack to my ballskeeper demanding his ass as the other half of the contract. The accent is on mutual support & deep masculine love and loyalty with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a longterm heavy-duty commitment. Is

your head beyond roleplaying (though able to be a real top and bottom), are you ready for true responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property to do with as I see fit? If you know how to wear boots and need rough malesex for your body and heavy involvement for your mind, then jump to it, man. Box LF3755.

**GERMAN LEATHERBOY
NEEDS FIST**
Blond boyish, 31, 9" Cock-uncut tight ass, slim body, needs fist by real Macho-Muscular Types, (no S&M, no pain/no dirty). Travel USA/Sept 84—visitors in my S&M also welcome. Foto must get mine P.O. Box 15709 NL—1001 NE Amsterdam Netherlands

GOOD HEAD
60 y.o. 6'2" 190 blue eyes, white hair reddish complexion, Handsome & excellent definition had lg. nipples, talented expert mouth. Desires Master who commands sexual servitude & S&M. Bad cigar smokers & (not required), SM groups OK. Can travel. P.O. Box 90110 West Station Nashville TN 37209 (LF3986).

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26, 6'1", brown bearded biker Master wants to hear from all leather brothers out there. This includes all slaves who think they are men. Drop a line or a hot letter. All answered. Wes Stevens, P.O. Box 44412, Revere, MA 01961.

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HELP WANTED

We are two men in our mid-30s who are stuck in the South among the peaches and similar fruits. We happen to like playing with men—real men! We are (1) 6'2", blonde/blue, bearded with 8" uncum tool (2) 6'1" brown fur and 7½" uncum protrusion. We are looking for men living in the South for mutual visits or visitors who would like to get it on while in the Mobile area. If you think you can handle two male-slaved men drop us a resume of what you have gotten into and would like to get into along with a recent picture (returnable) that shows your assets. We will get in touch with you for a very personal interview. Write: MCS, Box 16341 Mobile, AL 36616.

**BOTTOM SEEKS TOPMAN
(Daddy) 21-45**

To take charge of the situation verbally and physically. Me Prof. Blk. 40 S111 148 lbs, masculine, discretion expected and received. P.O. Box 1772, Montgomery, AL 36104.

ALASKA

HOT BOTTOM

Hot bottom man into hiking, camping, backpacking. Would like to meet hot top men for fun in Alaska. I'm 5'10", 172 lbs, 42 br/br, mustache, masculine good build, hot buns. Would like to meet men 25-45 masculine, well-built not fat, well-hung who know how to

take charge of the action. Write letter w/ photo to P.O. Box 423, Kenai, Alaska 99611, or call (907) 283-4879.

ARIZONA

TWO GUYS SEEK YOUNG (18-35)
Dude for 3-way act on Top or bottom. We have private back room. Boxholder Box 9484, Phoenix, AZ 85068.

PHOENIX BOTTOM

W 35 5'8½", 160 lbs, needs training, discipline, possible relationships. Photo, orders, please Sir Box 4199.

PHOENIX TRASH

Two hot sex pigs n mid 30s looking for men into WS VA, hot JO sessions, and other hairy but deranged activities. Box 4032.

ARKANSAS

WANTED: DADDY'S BOY SLAVE
Gdk GWM 6'3", 195 lbs, brown/hazel, looking for 18-plus who knows his place, is willing to serve and accept punishment for disobedience. I make the rules, you follow. Answer now! Occupant, Box 3864, Little Rock, AR 72203.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA

MUSCLES

Well-defined firm bodies only, bi or straight to explore bondage fantasies w/ Latino weight lifter (415) 569-7649. Sale: Discreet.

WANTED DADDY/MASTER
W/m 22 5'9", 130 lbs looking for big daddy w/ beard 35 plus to train and discipline me. Will relocate for right man. Barry Box 4244 S.F., CA 94101.

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Bend over, pants down, spank! Go or take, Call Dad (415) 626-8705.

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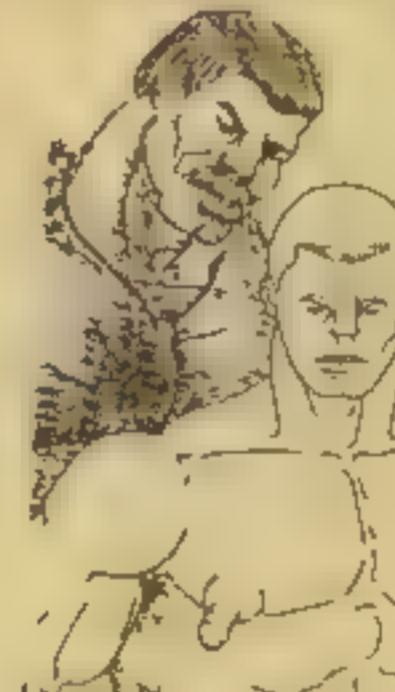
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HEY, BOY!

You Daddy is looking for you! (916) 391-9756 or write Box 22402 Sacramento CA 95822

20 y/o w/m 5'10" 155 lbs, wants trainees for f/f, cbt and most important verbal abuse. You must crave someone to tell you exactly what to do and then be able to do it exactly as told. Must be excellent cocksucker and G.P. as my 8" hot top needs special attention. Box 3917

W-M, 37, 6', SLENDER

Good looking, bottom seeks heavily muscled daddy 25-45 into it T/T, B.O. W/S. Let me worship your sweaty muscles. Use your muscle on me. Outdoor scenes? Ric 1632 J. #3, Eureka CA 95501

TWO LOOKING FOR TWO

SF BAY AREA

Or four #1 S. 40, 130 5'4" #2 MS 30 180 6'1" Both w. hot w/o altitude and like rough sex & old standards. No hangups about sex except fear of AIDS. We want to form a 4 or 6 way closed sex partnership w/ 1 or 2 stable couples. You should be GWM under 50 in good shape, healthy, not looking for a over into hot sex and able to keep closed partnership commitment. If interested lets meet & look one another over. Write Box 3937

TALL MELLOW TOP

Wants an easy going independent Buddy with a healthy hairless body and a hot fuckable ass. Photo, letter and phone to Box 3767

BLOND COCKSUCKER

Bodybuilder has spit and suction for men with good muscles and healthy minds. No dick too long. No muscles too sweaty. Box 1536

THE LEATHER FRATERNITY

Is looking for men who are dedicated to a lifestyle that only leathermen experience and appreciate. Age, locale, nationality, top/bottom, versatile not important. Dedication to the special sights, sounds, smells and tastes of a leather lifestyle are. Benefits include Drummer Subscription, free classified ads, discounts on purchases and more! Send SASE for a confidential application. The Leather Fraternity, 964 Folsom St, San Francisco, CA 94107

RECENTLY DIVORCED

Seeking buddies (1 or more) for mutual enjoyment in expanding my experience in fucking, light S&M, B&D, WS, toys, dildos, polaroids, playrooms & fantasy scenes. Not into scat, heavy pain. Reply with photo to Box 3797

VERSATILE WRITER

Into SM and you name it. seeks man under 45 with good body. No JO phoneca s 861-3183

PHONE JO

6' 165 lbs W/M needs verbal abuse and hot JO phone calls between 11 P.M. & 6 A.M. only. Dick (415) 626-1385

W-M, 45, 6', 275 LBS, 7% UNCUT

Genuine, very exp. masochist seeks genuine exp. sadist for mutual satisfaction. Your power, domination and pleasure are my pain, humiliation and submission. You set the limits and decide the scene. I am very exp. in heavy bondage and whipping. Piercing, CBT, TT, watersports, body worship, total service and want to continually expand my experiences. What this body may lack in muscular perfection will be more than made up for by what I can give in true sado-masochistic pleasure. Poss. perm. relationship. Box 1875

SAFE SEX

No fluid exchange sought by w/m 5'11" 150, blue/brn, blonde moustache, cute, personable. Mutual masturbation, vanilla sex &/or c&b work, bondage and wrestling. Looking for boyfriends—not one-nighters. Ron P.O. Box 14413, S.F. CA 94114 LF-4045

SF LEATHER SADIST

Leather Motorcycle-riding Devil needs demon-slaves for full leather crotch action. I'm tall, sun build 40s. Will put the leather screw to your hooded face tied with my leather straight jacket. Privacy assured in the well-gearred black room, S&M/bondage sanctum. Video recording a possibility. You are younger, no-nonsense, not fat slave. Apply w/photo to Boxholder Box 99033, San Francisco, CA 94109

TELEPHONE NUMBERS

DRUMMER and MANIFEST will now accept verified telephone numbers in personal ads. Please add \$1 to the cost of the ad if a telephone number is included in the ad copy. If necessary, please indicate to us the best time(s) to verify the number. Commercial ads (Services, Models, Travel, Resorts, Employment For Sale, etc.) may have telephone numbers included in the advertising provided that advertisers can provide a business card, letterhead or other printed material on which the phone number to be used appears. There will be no exceptions.

ME—NATURALLY MASCULINE MAN

32 6' 215, serious weight lifter, handsome. YOU—Naturally masculine, attractive man with a good heart. No sissys, phoneys, free loaders. Photo phone. Box 3866

HOT LONELY BOTTOM

W/M age 40 seeks gentle hot topman with hot rod. In only Alt. Area. Box 3857

W/MASCULINE HEAVYSET TOPS
Age 35-50, wanted by W/Mascu line Bottom. 34, 6'1", 195, into T/T, CBT, W/S+. Photo & phone gets immediated phone response. All letters answered. No lems. Box 3874

W-M, 34, NOVICE

Seeks bearded Master into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. No one-nighters. Preliminary, baldish, anal, oriented, 38-55. Seek man whose life reflects and merits self-respect and who gets off on sharing sex. 863-9756

31, White Male, 180

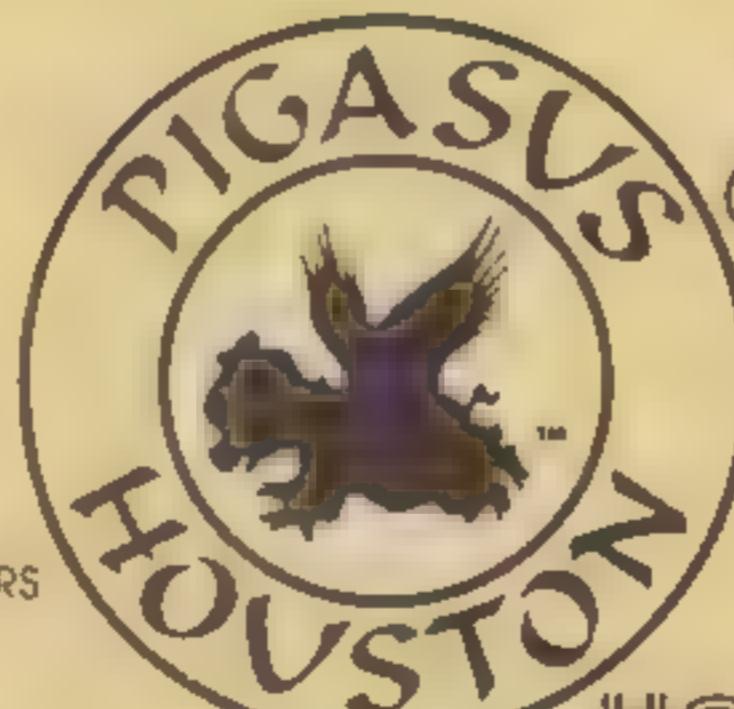
Looking for correspondence and/or contact with men willing to expand my experience with C/B TT WS FF. Pictures appreciated. 584 Castro #279 SF 94114

ARE YOU MY MASTER, MY LOVER AND MY SLAVE?

White male 40, 5'10", 165 lbs, bearded into patient, serious exploration of limits and mutual satisfaction. The accent is on mutual, supportive, deep masculine love and loyalty with the knowledge that this will be strengthened and enforced with punishment, whipping and pain when necessary. Are you man enough for a long-term, heavy-duty commitment? Must be able to be a real top and bottom. Are you ready for the responsibility of owning my body and soul and the humility required to become my property? If yes, write with detailed letter and photo to LF 4003

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Goodlooking little guy wants big guy to humiliate, restrain & beat long and hard! Reverse for right guy Box 4155

SANTA BARBARA MASC BI BB
JO exhb bit onist narcissist seeks same healthy, handsome 32, 5'1" brown hair beard 45" chest 31" waist 16" arms 8" cock pierced testicles slinking pits. Want man with straining 501 bulge like mine. Must dig prolonged ultimate JO posing fantasy Box 4152

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SUBMISSION BONDAGE, TRAINING LESSONS PROPER MASTER BOX 432 LOS ANGELES CA 90078-0432

LEATHER ACTION
Leatherman, 6', 175 lbs., good-looking, seeks same for hot, healthy leather/uniform action, disc pl no. SM, outdoor bike scenes. Box 4148

BIKER
42, topman looking for same to put me on bottom, to test me, to challenge me to show me what my ass is for to show he's too pre-occupied with my cock to be my friend and celebrate and share my growth Box 4164

SLAVE TRAINEE WANTED
Daddy (White 48, 6'2" 230 lbs) and his boy (Black 5'9" 175 lbs) are looking for a slave to train. Now ca' okay. Let's teach his boy to be a Master. Only full-time. Live-in. Long-term. SERIOUS need apply. Complete description and photo/phone to Box 4177

WANTED
Healthy male slave, any race, 21-35 must be willingly disposed to to a slave in any and all means without reason or question. This property will be personally owned by a Master demanding His slave's whole mind and body in a fully subservient existence dedicated to His Master and His life style. Send appropriate application humbly to Master Conrad, P.O. Box #438, 29 Palms, Calif. 92277 include a complete mailing address and telephone number. BE READY TO RELOCATE IMMEDIATELY if acceptable

LEATHER DISCIPLINE
Hot hndsm w/m 40 6'1" 190# Sadistic Experienced and widely respected seeks unfulfilled muscular masochists. OBJECT: Enlarging the S&M spectrum by satisfying mutual needs. Routh de and steel will restrain your power while whips, wax and weights stimulate your endurance. If you're ready to work up a sweat on your naked flesh and strain your muscles to reach new horizons, contact Frank Albright, Box 84085, San Diego, CA 92138 or call 619-260-8198 (after 11pm)

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Oral service for unformed sadists only CHP/LAPD pref. 818-913-3819

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Mature, assertive men for good, hot sex. Call till 3 AM (202) 547-3111

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It's a Thin Line Between Love & Pain. If you're a really good looking, trim, healthy master whose tough but sane and who'd like to have a nice big hairy chested, 35 year old, bright guy to train and then look no further than between these thin lines. If you enjoy verbal spankings, tying up your lover & other acts of the subl. me. If you've always sought an out of the ordinary relationship but couldn't find a like mind for a lifetime and the right body to climb on top of, then hopefully this is and you are all of the above. Send photo and letter to Box 4111

SAN DIEGO
Top, 6'3", 195 lbs., 42 complete game room, tubs, chains, rim chairs, stocks, sling ropes, clamps, collars, cross, cuffs, hoist harness, hoods, movies, dildos, gags, leather, boots, urinals, video, whips, weights, mirrors, wax, vacuum, colonic. Bill (619) 420-8967

LOOKING FOR EXPERIENCED TOP MAN
Must have nice body, not hairy, no beard. Prefer no mustache. Should be into all clean scenes, maybe with well equipped playroom. I am 42, 6'3", 180 with piercings and many tattoos. Experienced in some scenes, novice in others. Some limits. Disease conscious. Is there a doctor into piercing? Please call Mon-Fri 9pm to midnight. Ask for Ron and be discreet. Leave number and time to call if not home. (213) 254-3038

AFFECTIONATE BOTTOM
G-W, M, 23, 5'10", 150 lbs, short brown hair, mustache. Seeks hot, dominate & hung, hairy, Leather/Cowboy-Masters/Daddies, who need service and cuddling. I am G-P FAC (Deep Throat) will try most scenes. Clean, Healthy! (619) 231-4496

HUNG UNCUT DOG
6', 180, strong-legged specimen handsome and eager, offers mouth, ass, C&B for punishment and mutual pleasure. Dog's mouth/ass eager cum/urinal. Seeks cock-centered, natural dominant, preferably short w/white hair, black Polaroids, groups, dog-food ok. Animals possible. G M P O Box 26081 L.A. CA 90026 Swap px

WANTED L.A.
Two uncut, hairy Daddies w/dominant dicks and low-hangers to force-feed 27 year-old stud. Need VA WS, juicy bull meal, sweaty bairns. Call anytime 213/656-9813

BIG FAT PIG
Los Angeles. Pretty-faced hog—30 6'4", 300+ lbs.—seeks masters who know how to use a fat assed, lollied slave with huge tits and ham-hock thighs. Not much experience but ALL scenes considered. So if you're into girlie come to L.A. and humiliate this handsome-faced, overgrown pig. Write Box 3179

LOW BLOWS ON
Goodlooking tall tough young proud fuck gets off on hard contact. Gives/takes no mercy workouts w/risks, knees. Streetlight interrogation. Two on one ok. Fantasy J/D ok. Send physical description or pic and phone. Describe scene. Box 3904

PIERCED, TATTOOED LA TOP
Bearded 6' 155# w/m mid-40s looking for L/L, boot-lickin', piss-drinkin', grease/oil-lovin', bondage slave to shave. Must be willing to expand limits on piercings, tattoos. C/B/T/T W/S, shaving and bondage. Am responsible but demanding. Exhibitionistic punks ok. Photo/phone replies answered first. Box 3741

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Into Bondage, Sweat, Shaves, Leather, CBT, Hot Ass Toys, Enemas w/Game-Room. Cooking for hot, creative TOP-MAN who can get into heavy serious sessions. Rel. Poss. #2458306 Wilshire Blvd, Beverly Hills, Ca. 90211

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Wanted by older experienced leatherman with well equipped training room offering discipline, love, care, plus physique, college and career help. You must be 20-30, serious, have good slave potential and high goals. Rod (303) 433-9587. Write Box 18876 Denver CO 80218

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Want a Daddy? I mean a real Daddy! A Daddy with lots of love in his heart and a big bulge in his crotch and all just for you! A Daddy who won't abuse you, but still a Daddy who'll show you the ropes and then use them on you as he makes you his slave/boy and takes you as his son DADDY: W. M. young-looking 45, 145 lbs, 5'8", moustache, all his hair, dominant, and butt licking topman BOY: Quiet, trim, young, smooth-faced boyish, totally obedient, thoroughly submissive, affectionate loving, and completely bottom. Any nationality of boy and beg inner OK. Short, slim small boy welcome. So is tall and skinny or well-built. Size not important but boy's desire to really be Daddy's boy is boy's photo get Daddy's photo and Daddy's phone number. Box 3862

LONG BEACH, ORANGE COUNTY
Masculine, white man, 45, 5'9", 155 lbs. seeks same to 45 as FF bottom. Must have good head and body. Reply with photo and phone to Box 3869. Skiers welcome.

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For bondage and water sports sessions. W/M 48, 6'-0" 220 into SM FF shaving, Bal, and TT play, etc. Have playroom and toys. Tel (213) 223-8346

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Sought by goodlooking, in-shape leather slave 37, 5'6", 130 lbs., for obedience training, B&D, TT, humiliation and more. Can travel. Box 4139

CONNECTICUT

FIT TO BE TIED
Seek someone to share interests in B&D, TT, CBT. Flexible top or bottom. No FF or WS. AI. Box 2001, North Haven, CT 06473

SM BIKE

Leatherman wants leather bottom/saves for man-to-man leather SM sex B&D, CBT, TT, WS, etc. Limits respected. This experienced leather Master wants you to perform on demand. Send me your application and photo, including your willingness to be a good slave. Box 3957

DELAWARE

WESLEY SUE

Demanding 48, 5'11", 145 G/W Virgo. Male seeks obedient thin bottoms (16-32) at my cc location. Reply w/photo & resume to: WHB P.O. Box 251, Wilmington, DE 19899

SLAVE AVAILABLE

Looking for Master for training needs to be disciplined into bondage and SM. Confidentiality must be assured. Write Box 113/Suite 113, 402 N. Union St., Wilm. DE 19805

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

WELL BUILT

True military type W/M, 6 ft, 37, 180 lbs. & will respond only to very experienced handling. Chained by the balls, worked by the strap and prod until you get what you want. Service from a highly intelligent animal. No FF, FF or hard drugs. Box 3868

IF HE'S NOT HERE HE'S NOT AVAILABLE!

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Attractive men with good bodies and pretty buns, who like to show them off and who like to receive good rear French, who might also like to produce that brown treasure. Save that hole load and let's both enjoy it! Letter and phone number please! Box 4190

UNCUT MEN

36, 6', 165 lbs, hot handsome bearded stud, looking for men with big, dirty, uncut dicks. WS B&D SM. I'm tired of always being on top. Make me beg for it. Box 4195

SLAVE WANTED/D.C.

By healthy attractive W/M in 28-59, 150 lbs in good shape. Looking for attractive military type, 18-30, good build for humiliation, light B&D, no FF, WS. Discretion guaranteed, novices welcome. Reply to Box 2793, New York NY 10105

BOTTOM WANTED: SHAVING
Me 5'11", 175 lbs, muscular 33. You into B&D, ass work, dildos, fishing being shaved. Box 4145

BLACK DADDY WANTED

Slim, bearded, blond white boy to worship and service will be endowed. Black & tall. Black Dad. Should have lots of energy and imagination. Box 50279, Washington, DC 20004

BODYBUILDER

DC area. WM 39, 5'11", 175, 45c, 31w. Masculine together lean/muscular. Seek same. Whatever your pleasure. JW Box 55029, Ft. Wash. MD 20744

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MASOCHIST

Seeks sadist for ritual. Can travel. Box 3867

APOLLO

Lifeguard Bodybuilder. All scenes & all else present. Dungeon available for use. During 305-940-9485

INTELLIGENT, AMBITIOUS

Non-smoking, versatile young man with swimmer's smooth body sought by attractive and successful young professional. For friendship and possible monogamous relationship. Box 402

BALL TORTURE SLAVE

6'9", 230 lbs, GWM 24, looking for a master into balls. I wear between 8'9" ball stretchers with JP to 110 lbs of weight for an hour or two to help loosen them up for a good night of fun & games or to show off with 30 rings on em. Box 4086

LIVE RENT FREE IN FLORIDA

I am tall, masculine and submissively 30s. Loves wearing rubber and lingerie w/ g/s, B&D. You must be aggressive and wear rubber or leather any age. Sweaty uncut hairy men preferred. Call Ga. 1. 1904-496-2070

TAMPA MASTER/DADDY

Seeks slaveboy son, or houseboy Daddy 48, 5'10", 180 lbs., hairy, hung, big strict loving Son boyish smooth uncut, obedient, ready for love commitment. Box 4140

FLORIDA

Orlando houseboy—Slave applications accepted from slaves 21-30 with right attitude will be trained by 33Y, 5'8", bearded master. Serious only. Send resume & photo. Box 4055

GEORGIA

GWM 31

31, 6', 150 lbs., brn/brn, moustache, swimmer's body, into movies, CW music, western/leather, porno, JO and a permanent relationship. Seek same. Send photo/phone. Box 4184

BLACK SCAT TOPS

Wanted by Greek passive white bottom 28. I give funky rear French lip and get gangbanged (w/ rubbers) by rough trade ex-cons. Latin dirty blue collar. Free beer for eager Golden Shower girls. No JO phone calls! Call White Pussy David Atlanta (404) 876-2251

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INDIANA

BOTTOM NEEDS TOP

Submissive W/M 36, 5'8", 135 lbs brn./blu., mustache 6'7" cal. with hungry mouth and ass seeks older Top/Master to serve and service Photo/appreciated. Bottom lives in SW Indiana Box 4065

TRUCKERS WELCOME

Chicago area cock sucker W/m 26 6'175 lbs, goodlooking, bl/bl moustache willing to please. Box 142, Crown Point, IN 46307

IOWA

HOT-HORNY

Bearded W/M 36 145# 5'7" Ready for SM leathersex, with sane & sane FF action. We can't afford to wait any longer... Forward photo specs & to Box 3995

NEED TO BE DIAPERED?

28 year old married Dad wanting to form lasting relationship with a baby 18-25, small to medium build. Love to wear diapers, plastic pants, cuddling, masturbation? I am looking for you. Write to Paul P.O. Box 184 Ottumwa, IA 52501

NEW TOP IN DES MOINES

Hot athletic 5'11" 165# 37 top wants slim bottom 20-40 for SM C/B/T shaving, piercing. Topeka, Lawrence, Kansas City Sir, I'm waiting Box 4852 Topeka, KS 66614

KANSAS

W/M, 29, NOVICE SLAVE

Seeks master to explore and expand my limits. Need hot top into B/D CB/T shaving, piercing. Topeka, Lawrence, Kansas City Sir, I'm waiting Box 4852 Topeka, KS 66614

HORNY LEVI/LEATHER TOP

Aggressive GWM 6' 185 lbs 34" waist brown hair & eyes, short beard and moustache looking for bottoms slaves into hot sweaty times. Fucking, Sucking FF WS Bondage Etc. Reply with photo, letter P.O. Box A3810, Chicago, IL 60690

W/M DAD SEEKS SON

Want son 18+ who can look and act very boyish. Write Jay No 179, 606 West Barry, Chicago, IL 60657

LOUISIANA

BLACK MUSCLED TOP

30 6' 160 lbs, 42" chest 30" waist looking for well muscled White into rough or vanilla sex. Write with photo Mike 2812 St. Charles No 2 New Orleans, LA 70115

NOVICE SLAVE

W/M, 28, Bl/Bl goodlooking, needs training by sane demanding daddy/master. Eager to be used to please right man P.O. Box 71313 N.O., Louisiana 70122

NEW ORLEANS

Young White/Oriental wanted for light bondage. No SM. I'm GWM, 47 (504) 831-9298.

SLAVE WANTED

short, small-cocked. By mature loving Master Permanent Box 70726 N.O. LA 70122

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MAINE

Two extreme north woodsmen looking for fun. Your pix gets ours. Jack/Walt 1 Forest Ave. Ft. Kent ME 04743 (207) 834-3649

WM DADDY

40s. seeks W/m son, 20s for corporal punishment—most scenes med to heavy no drugs. Box 65 Kittery, Maine 03904

MARYLAND

SLAVE SERVANT

with huge, thick cock wanted. 18 plus Photo, letter phone to 31 year old Top. Tall muscular endowed slaves preferred. JO, SM, TT, B&D, F, A&P, GR, P only. Box 4197

BEARDED MASTER

40, 5' 10" 165 lbs, hung thick, experienced, understanding. Seeks clean healthy slaves for long sexual sessions in my fully equipped Den. Any age, any scene—but scat. Novice slaves get TLC! I am in the Annapolis/Baltimore area. Other Masters welcome to share slaves. Letters with photos get answered fast. Box 3893

SPANK ME

Good and hard, take me over your knees and administer firm corrective discipline whack the seat of my pants good or reddens my bare ass. Seek attractive, masculine master. First ad new to scene. Tired of living in fantasy time for the real thing. I am 32, 5'7", Greek, passive, muscular, cute, boyish, great ass. Photo and letter. Nick One High St., Box S-130, Medford, MA 02155

MANHANDLER

Serious manhandler 25, wants submissive men in good shape for intense manhandling. Developed pecs and nipples a big plus. Write Box 411, 89 Mass Ave, Boston, MA 02115

DADDY'S LITTLE BOY

Boston 28, 5'2", 115 lbs, needs Daddy diapers, bottle feeding, baby food, bottle, puppydog collar toys, etc. JO, rubbers, discipline, dirty talk, cuddling. Seek big, tall, attractive, straight looking & acting Daddy-like beards and mustaches. Proper, non-smoker. Photo Box 4166

TRAINABLE

Harry the male dog slave, 31, seeks training and discipline. Enjoy bondage, very Greek, passive. Please explain my limits. Travel California & Nevada. Box 4174

SLAVE NEEDS MASTER

GWM slave, 30, seeks hot master to service. Love, boots, bondage, discipline, water sports. Box 409.

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ARROGANT WRITER

Strictly top 33 w/bald moustache #1 w/it right bottom man. Box 3799

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Hot hairy well built hunk 39, beard & moustache, seeking lengthy scenes in B&D, assplay being fucked & sucked, enjoy fucking & sucking if to do top. Leather uniforms, big cocks a turn on! In Boston weekly (207) 966-8143

TAKE IT OUT ON THIS FAG!

Boston MA into serving groups, gang rape, WS, light SM, Greek, French, anything goes. Beerdrinkers, college jocks, bodybuilders, construction workers wanted in 20s. well built. Write to GMF Box 1081, Boston, MA 02205

W/M, 44, FORMER MARINE

Doing research on male sexuality expressed in spit shined shoes, boots. Write Ivan Howe, Box 191, Milton Village, MA 02187

TIGHT LEVIS/BLACK LEATHER
W 5'10" 28 tight body good looks. Into leather, snug levis hefty boots. Seek w/Id rugged young dudes and leather-vested punks to horse-around party. Hey studs, let's roll around bugling crotches. Tight black leather pants-faded levis c/c & jackets gaun & gloves. Let's cruise late at night on our motorcycles. Sane, straight acting discreet, masculine guy. Photo decked out in leather gets mine. W/ I correspond. DIRK Suite 348, 2 Vernon Street, Farmington, MA 01781 (LF3994)

SADISTIC MAN SOUGHT
Looking for intelligent, macho truly sadistic man who truly enjoys and is master of the art of applied pain. Statistics are second to know edge in the true art of SM. Your sadist acknowledge and my need to learn will insure a mutually satisfying evening. Box 4110

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WHIP ME!

Handsome masculine, hung hot man 34, 5'9", 150 lbs. wants to be stripped, stretched out, bound and receive your well-laid on full-body whippings with long tail o' nine tails. Moderate to heavy scenes. A sadist gets off on torture, suspensions, stretching etc. leading up to your whips. Can travel. Reply to Box 4182. See TC 6002 issue 66 for photo.

WEST MICHIGAN
6', 165 lbs., 35, interested in learning more about B&D scene. Willing to experiment with right person. CSC work enemas etc. Box 4185

YOUNG TOP
Seeks masculine slaves for total domination. Box 165 E Lansing, MI 48813

PONTIAC AREA BOTTOM
Muscular WM 5'10", 185, 33, moustache, beard. Hot ass wants to be bound and fucked, fisted. Also into B&D, shaving, enemas, polaroids, toys. Uniform a great plus. State troopers and police—I'll worship your boots and submit to your every need. Box 3864

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SLIM MALE WOULD
like to meet bearded bears for hot sex. Is there any hairy bears in the twin cities who can handle this arrogant son of bitch? Please write and let's get down to fucking. Serious sex only. Force me to service you. Box 3861

HAIRY BLOND BOTTOM
32, 155 lbs, 5'6", moustache. Box 65232 St Paul, MN 55165

NOVICE SLAVE
Submissive GWM, 27, needs training by sane demand of daddy master. Eager to be used to please right man. Box 4133.

SLIM BOTTOM MAN
35, has tight ass that's in need of fucking. Would like to meet muscular Daddy's who would like to be sexually serviced on a regular basis. Box 3859

MISSISSIPPI

MISSISSIPPI COCKSUCKER
Seeks juicy daddies. Am 5'11", bl/bt, 150 lbs., 7" cul. W/m 30. Box 4181

LEATHER SENSUALIST
Jockstrapper, novice bottom seeks experienced help in anal training—ait exploring 5'8", 143#, 41yo. Bl/bt. Please Sir convert my leather fantasies into sweaty reality. Box 3855

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2 EXTRA WELL HUNG TOPS
Seek young butch bottom for hot bondage—S/M sessions. Any scene. Have equipped playroom. Description—experience—photo. Weekend sessions good. Live-in apps considered. P.O. Box 3931 Springfield, MO 65801

ST. LOUIS AREA

Older guy "dad" type experienced youth leader interested in young, masculine trim son. 18-30. You can expect affection, encouragement and discipline in bondage. Your letter w/ picture gets mine. Box 3872

MONTANA

LEAN, WELL DEFINED SLAVE
Seeks trim sadist into light to heavy S&M bondage, arm-pins, ties, cock & ball torture, shaving, photography. Your trip, your way. Am 28, 5'9", 135#, w/ 8". Send photo, phone, letter to P.O. Box 786 Conrad, MT 59425

REAL MEN WANTED

W/m 22, athletic, good-looking and virgin ass needs introduced to the all male world. Gets off on muscular hairy men. Would love long oral session. Prefer Eastern Montana or vicinity. Box 4162

NEW JERSEY

MASTER NEEDS SLAVE

A number of slaves have written but no slave has been chosen yet so now is the time to submit yourself, your body and your application to this Master. Master is W/M 45, 190#, 6'2", hairy, straight acting and appearing. No nonsense type, but understanding of slaves needs. You are W/M 25-40, know how to behave, want to serve a Master on a permanent one to one basis, have a good body that enjoys a work-up and want to live in the Master's house in the country. No drugs, fats or tems. This is the life for me and if it is for you then get off your ass, get on your knees and do something about it. Write Box 29.

TEANECK AREA

Handsome W/m smooth 6', 172 lbs, 42, masculine, seeks similar honest partner. Top/bottom trade off, light SM bondage possible. No drugs or tems. Box 4138

TALL, MATURE MASTER

Accepting applications from slaves sons who are anxious to serve and obey. Hot mouth and a good build a must. Clean shaven, Ivy types preferred. Generous Daddy will reward with affection when earned. Spankings, titwork, kink, VA. No fats, tems, hard drugs. Possible live in. All areas welcome. The Master is 6'2", 185 lbs, W/M and hot. Box 3856

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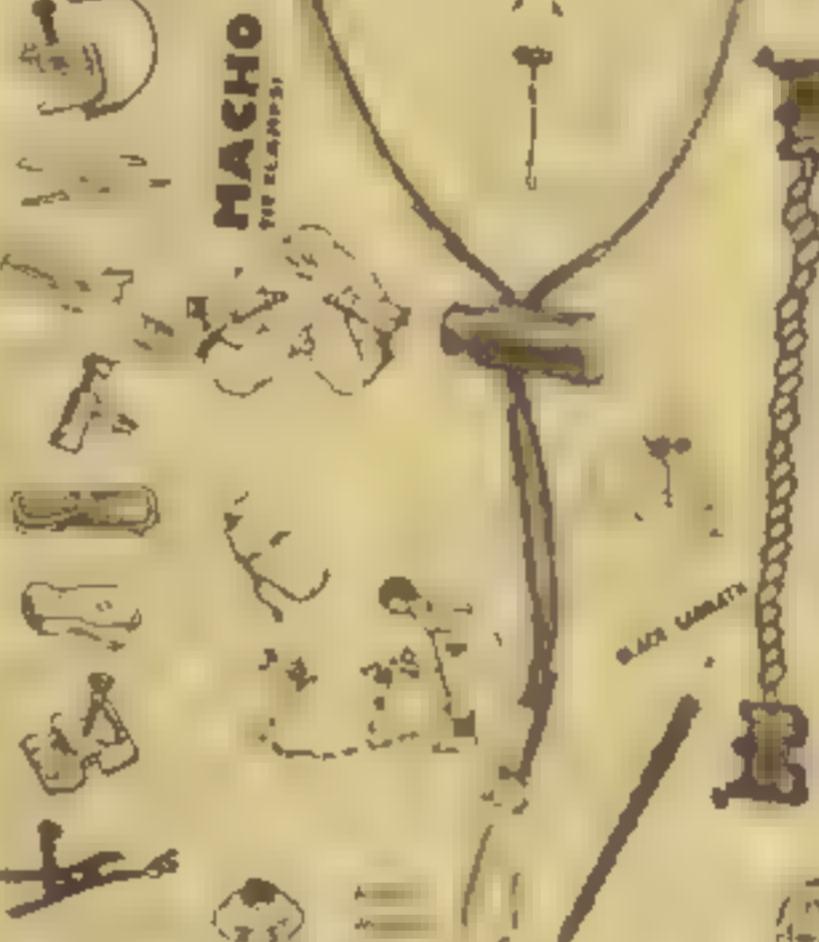
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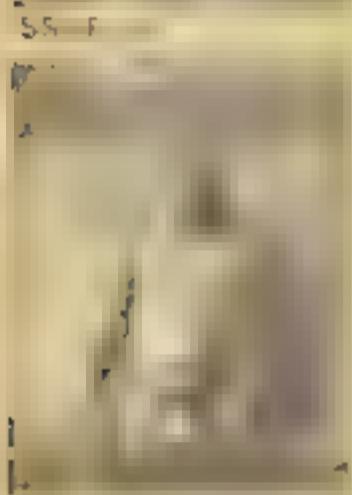


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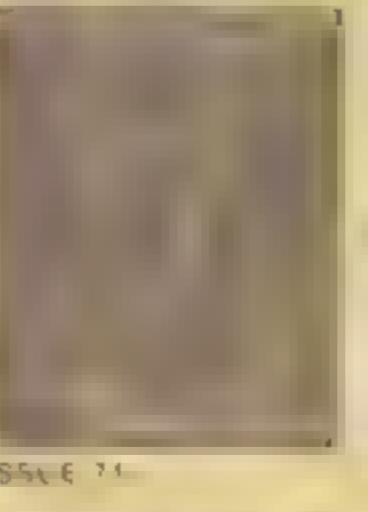
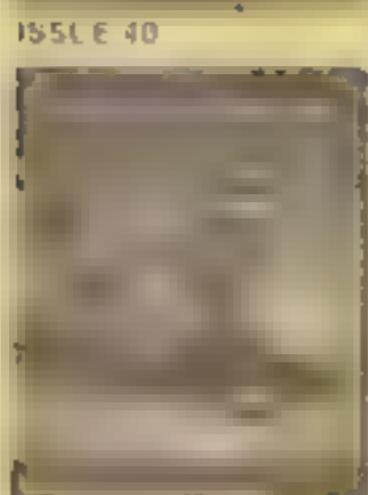


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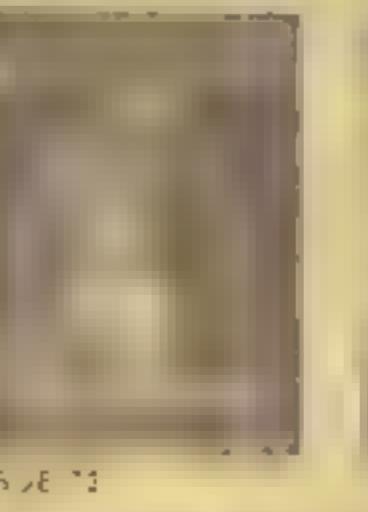
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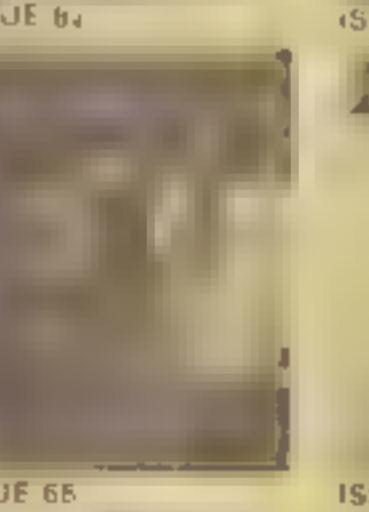
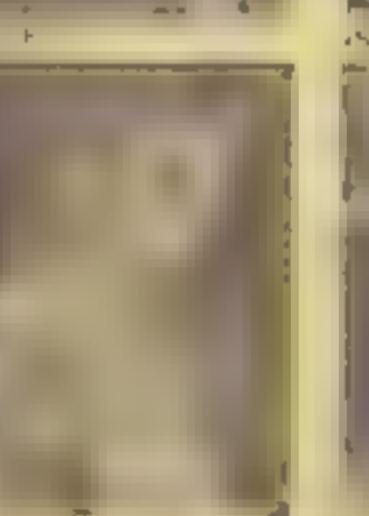
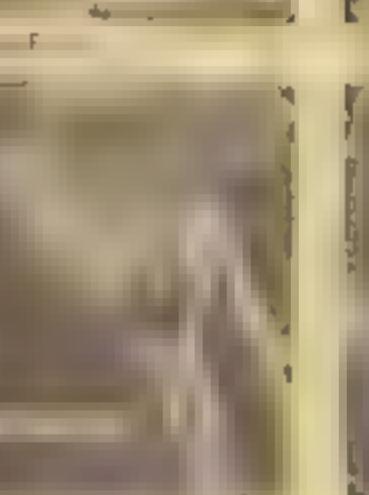
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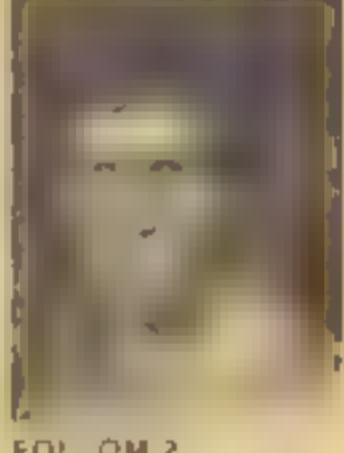
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W/m, 32, 5'11", 160 lbs. seeks kinky male with smelly body raunchy armpits, very dirty underwear (never enough), cheesy hose. Let me smell let me lick. Sleazy WS leather uniforms humiliation, verbal abuse okay. No heavy SM no scal uncum a plus muscles a must. Telephone no for a very good time. Box 4143

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CBT, TT, all basis SM well hung, tall, slender 40s moustache weekend service between Syracuse/NYC Box 4157

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Is there a Drummer out there (over 6 under 230 lbs..) who has learned to prefer to cuddle and kiss? Box 4165

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Handsome novice M, 34, 5'7", 140 lbs seeking education in receiving belt and bare hand. Muscles and beard a plus expertise and guiding hand more important. Also FF shaving and good hot sex. Letters with photo answered first. Box 4163

GWM 27, BLONO BOYISH

6'4" big cock/deep ass serves as sex-slave for anything-clean/dirty for W master in boots/leather with full bladder/dirty ass giving pain/pleasure. I adore rubber/leather-licking dirty boots (your shit?) to a shine TT/SM B&D/FF/toys Box 3870

COP SCENE NYC AREA

M-w 29, 180 lbs., bodybuilder cop looking for uniformed cop into any cop fantasy. Tattoos, leather police jacket MC cops turn on expect same. No scal FF Blacks w II arrest cock suckers or take on booted cops reply with phone. Must have interest in scene. Uniform preferred. Box 3879

MASCULINE MALE CUNT

Wanted by athletic blond 40-year-old Master. You short, 18-40 tiny cock. Goal huge nipples and pussy possible marriage. No drunks, drugs, fats. Photo & phone BW Box 149 NY NY 10012

ASS SLAVE WANTED

W M hairy Master 38, 5'7", 150 w II own train & punish the right dog-ass slave. Apply with rear photo phone & needs. Box 3889

FIT TO BE TIED

Rugged muscular hung but submissive biker 36, needs expert level-headed Top (white cut only) for heavy bondage workouts. Str p. immobilize & manhandle this 5'7" 155# brown-haired BB. whip my round white butt till it glows & fuck it down male this hot Bottom with ropes, rack, paddle, wax, C&B, T. You or friends can realize any fantasy of sexual abuse on your captives. He pleases bod. Macho we l-build leathermen only prefer 32-45 No WS, scal, FF, shaving, drugs, damage. Please New to area your own workroom & camera are pluses. Photo/phone get mine Brad P.O. Box 78, NYC 10113

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W/m 35, 6'7", 170 lbs, 46" chest, 34" waist, born to serve in leather. A master over 30 who can take control and show me who's boss. Sir I am into B&D WS, FF bodyshaving, and body piercing, enemas, humiliation, verba, truis needs plenty of tit work. Look for long time relationship, willing to relocate for right master. Serious and sincere, please send orders and photo to J.H. Box 536 Long Beach New York, NY 11561

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OHIO

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INTERMISSION

Bright, ath etc, affectionate, 30s man seeks same into dancing, hugging, kissing, leather fucking, sucking, TT, toys and new experiences. Let's play get serious? No fats, red necks or facist pigs just crisp mind and hot body. Box 4186

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GWM, AGE 37

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Tulsa Leathermaster wants slim slave for hot action. Limits expanded or respected. Phone Rod at (918) 665-1885 or reply with photo to P.O. Box 54760 Tulsa, OK 74155. No phone jacking!

YOUNG

Inexperienced 22, Tulsa slave wants discreet Friday-night Leather master. Light B&D, SM, no drugs, ass-fucking, licking. Photo. Chris, Box 701881 Tulsa, OK 74170

OREGON

SLAVE

Seeks dominant leather Master. Into flogging, humiliation and willing to try most scenes. Letter & photo gets mine. P.O. Box 18759, Portland 97219. Sir! I'm hot!

ASS WANTED

Lovers, 28 & 46, want ass to play with and use. No relationship, just fun with your buns. Box 19671, Portland, OR 97219

MEAN STREAK

Goodlooking slave, 41, seeks caring master with mean streak for B&D, flog, enemas, etc., but no fucking or sucking. Box 4151

ATTENTION RUBBERMEN

W/m 32, 175 lbs, 6'3" seeking intelligent, honest friends with clothes fetishes, rubber, PVC, plastic jackets, pants, wader, boots. All nylon athletic gear. Your interests? Discretion assured. Box 4168

UNCUT BOTTOM

32, 140 lbs, bearded W/S submissives, leather, scat. Box 3871

PENNSYLVANIA

DILDOE FUCK HOLES

Male animals wanted for heavy dildoing. Slaves also should have aptitude for toys, verbal abuse, spankings, spit humiliation, head trips, smoke, amyl and general use as male cunt. Bearded GWM master 32 will train to suit. Send application to Code 3412, 254 S. 11th St., Philadelphia, PA 19107

PHILA TOP MAN

Goodlooking, athletic BB 35, 5'11", 180 lbs, chest 44", waist 33", level-headed, clean, professional, with wide interests: history, religion, arts, sports, but also SM, B&D, C&BT. seeks hot, quality hot, hot man, sim, far, turn-ons. Photo. Box 3886

YOUNG STUD WANTED

PITTSBURGH AREA
Who's into leather B&D, light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W 6' 175#. All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer just fuck off. Box 3887

HOT DADDY SOUGHT

by level-headed Philadelphia man, 26, 5'10", 160 lbs, hot. Into leather, police men, boots, cigars, WS, VA, light SM, and plenty of Daddy attitude. Make my ass yours. Box 4125

SUBMISSIVE

needs dominant top, built hairy stud who is into discipline and sex. No wild scenes, only fucking, sucking and warming my ass. Men to 50 write with photo to. Box 25345, Pittsburgh, PA 15242

ROUGH, WILD & KINKY SEX

I'm 30, 5', 170 lbs., br hair or eyes, swimmer's build, straight, appear good looking 8 1/2" cut dig real men, SM, C&BT, poppers, JQ, GR/FR a/p, rough, wild & kinky sex. Send hot photo for quick reply. JC, Box 1454, Uniontown, PA 15401

YOUNG STUD WANTED

Who's into leather-B&D, light S&M. Must give me your mind as well as body. I am W 6' 175#. All man. Have leather fuck room with racks, sling, & toys. Can't handle it, don't answer just fuck off. Box 3887

SLAVE NEEDED

Experienced or novice to service GWM 37, 6' 160 lbs. Learn your limits and expand them. Box 341, Emmaus, PA

RHODE ISLAND

HOT COUPLE

Well built, 30 & 27 seek leather and uniformed men with no hang-ups, FF, WS, and raunch welcome. P.O. Box 8641, Cranston, Rhode Island 02920

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energy I want to share is so basic and honest. It seems few 'gays' know it exists. Long, slow mind-n-soul fuckin is where it all begins. If you, too, need a man who is openly and proudly share what he knows and has, you may have found your partner! I'm 6ft, 150 lbs, 44 yrs., greying black hair, beard, and moustache with a natural uncircumcised dick that'll hang a heavy 7 inches for the buddy that talks to it right. Dig sweat hair holes, nipples, foreskin, lo swingin balls, and other natural delights. If you're interested and get the balls to talk straight shoot a no-bullshit note my way. Travel is possible. Box 0061

RECRUIT

BONDAGE IN ROPES, STEEL, CAGES OR INCARCERATION

GWM 32 5'8" 147 lbs seeks bondage Master to 40 for lifestyle of obedience and respect. You are tall, athletic and aggressive. I am slim smooth del ned flexibility desired. limits expandable. Photos please. Sir RHS, Box 270069 Houston Texas 77277

COUNTRY WOODSHED DISCIPLINE

Are you 21-34, 5'10", 150 lbs., or smaller and fantasize about total, subservient to a tough stable daddy? I'm 40, 6' 165 lbs, healthy virile and we hung. Long married (inexpert at discipline boys). Expect tough, but health conscious SM B&D and verbal abuse. Virgin ass to experienced should apply describing yourself, your limits respected but expanded, and why you need to be taken to the woodshed. Revealing real photo a plus. Give two times when you'll be at Houston Dock or Drum and how you'll discreetly present yourself. Drummer 4167

GWM, AGE 45

New to S&M. Interested in receiving and giving light spankings and expanding my limits. Houston TX area. Box 3878

PRISON RAPE

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a particu lar pen—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fish"? Box 3853

W M 29 5'10" 140 lbs

Seeks slave for long term B.O. Leather Levi. No fags, fems, only serious into bondage need answer and cut for total domination. Mr. Lenze P.O. Box 34244 Houston, TX 77234

S M BOTTOM

Hol W M 37 6'1" 185 lbs healthy professional, masculine. Somewhat new to scene but eager to learn. Seeks hot dominant Top/Master for B.O. CBT/T W/S, hot wax, dildoes/toys, V/A etc. No FF, scat, shaving. Tx, Louisiana, NYC. Please send letter and photo. Sir for prompt response! Suite 169, P.O. Box 66973 Houston, Tx 77006

YOUR AD GETS RESULTS!

I NOW OWN THE HUMAN DOG. Kai who's story appears in MACH 6. I am seeking contact with interested and knowledgeable parties who are also involved or would like to be involved in transforming and training a human male to become a dog. Would like contact from gay professionals of all levels (Veterinarians, Lawyers, doctors, kennel operators or suppliers) who are into S.M. Objective goal—to found training center/kennel facility. Potential dogs, masters with human dogs or any serious party are welcome to inquire/share information. Write to W.B. at P.O. Box 570791, Houston, Texas 77257-0791

VIRGINIA

PISS, SHIT SPIT/PUKE CUM
Cover me in yours. Sir! Ex-NYC slave moved to Danv. He needs new Master to continue training in bondage, punishment, humiliation, C&BT, toilet training, trippin, worship, have leather police uniforms, am 24, 7 1/2" built. My photo was in Drummer 64, TC1070. Await photo, phone, orders, Sir! Box 4158

DEDICATED LEATHERMAN
W.m 30 5'10" 148 lbs des res contact with others, both as bottom and top SM FF Gr a/p Especially until TT and WS Box 2341 Manassas VA 22110

WASHINGTON

W m 29 5'7" 125 lbs b/k hair smooth body skin, moustache wants slave/I over, 18-30 only slim, trusting very obedient total service. I'm 18, respected Novice will train. Photo phone Greg Box 71003, Seal, WA 98107-7003

MASTER

Daddy, leather, hot and dominant seeks permanent son/slave 6' 155 lbs. 30's attractive, very energetic. You are slim smooth 20-35, submissive obedient hot buns excellent cocksucker. You will be fully trained to meet all my needs. Shaving, w/s, light b/d, loving s/m, verbal domination. Your pleasure derives from being my personal cunts slave. Appropriate application and photo to Box 3866

W M NOVICE 30

Interested in being "broken in" by Seattle area Master. Into a full scal. Will answer all responses. Call 206-329-1142 Days or midnight

WISCONSIN

Slave looking for Master, begs strict training and discipline from Master. Slave into WS FF ass work. Lt ball torture. May I serve you Sir? G.G.A. Box 925 Neenah WI 54946

DISCERN

Big no-nonsense cigar smoking boot/leather wearing top. To train W/m. 28 6'4" 250 lbs. Dedicated hairy pierced bottom into boots. B&D. TT. Travels C. ago. No scal. Box 4192

WHIPPING BOY NEEDED

28 year old w/m master 6'0", 195, muscular hairy chested LEVEL HEADED is seeking a younger than master, cute baby-faced slim, smooth hunky or well-defined slaveboy. Should be ready for humiliation, B.D. TT, CBT, whipping (good and sound), and possibly some W/S. Nude and/or upper nude picture wanted. No fags or heavies. Photo appreciated. Athletic type studs especially. I am open minded. Race unimportant. Box 3830

BOOTTED LEATHER MAN

6' 178 lbs, br bl 9" seeks leather and boot buddies for man to man fun & games (biker cowboys, linemen etc). Leather and natural highs on my discreet. Photo & photo please. Write to Box 9122 Green Bay WI 54308

DADDY 35, 6', 175#, 8" CUT

Men into C/B S/M B.O. TT / W Sand exhibition for fun and pleasure. Also accepting obedient and humble slaves to be used for my total enjoyment. 18-40 photo and phone Box 3936

DISCERN

ANIMAL TRAINING
Egoist cal tough, straight cowboy 34 w/m, 190, needs hard core animal training. Mental mind-fuck games are my thing, not excessive physical pain. Sadistically humiliate & degrade me

slowly reducing me to the lowest elements of domestic farm animal from my original human state. Hypnosis possible for behavior modification on Stables, pig sty, kennels & must BE WARNED will cha enge and defy you most of the way. You must be experienced top, 35-50, 180-200, mean and strong. City twinkies, fags, boozers, druggies need NOT apply. Pix letter gets fast response. Travel Tri-state area. Jay Box 4046

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Into long hot sessions is taking applications for sons-slaves-partners. 5'9" 155, 8 thick uncut inches. If you can handle a man giving and taking heavy action contact me with photo and letter. Be prepared to spend hours in a sling serving construction workers, cowboys and truckdrivers. Punk, fags and fags need not apply. Box 3884

CANADA

OUR OWN SLAVE

Wm. 58", 170 lbs., wants Master for long term relationship. Slave into leather boots discipline. CBT humiliations, dog training etc. Slave is handsome and of good company looking for hairy beefy heavy top who will instruct and pun sh me. Eastern Canada (Eng or Fr). Can relocate. Only interested Masters looking for serious long lasting SM relationship need to respond. Send pic & letter to Box 3984

BOTTOM 38 5'9" 160 LBS

Bearded mustache w/ submit to strong beefy, or muscular or medium fat men. Humiliation, verbal abuse, body worship, armpits, tits CB etc. trimming, WS, bondage, shaving, SM, faginas, Care, affection and know how will expand limits. Please include photo P.O. Box 872 Station H, Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8

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BOTTOM

5'8" 160 lbs. br/bi. worship and service beefy or muscular or slight to medium fat men. You demand order, humiliate and punish me as is your right. I please you as is my duty. If you have the know how and can also show affection, you will make me better and expand my limits. Please include photo with letter. No fags, no heavy SM that leaves damages. P.O. Box 872 Station H Montreal, P.Q. H3G 2M8

HUNKY M

Topman, any race, call me, talk dirty, give me orders. I will do what you say. Hot white BB awaiting your call sir. Peter (403) 244-3295

INTERNATIONAL

STINKING GREASY BIKER

27 into dirty bather/rubber gear, scat piss, looking for male angel type living in filthy house to help, work with depraved but really honest. Box 444

CASTRATION

Information needed for book works of art by Martin of Holland and Send samples of work and SASE for reply. Club Momo, Box 1528, Brooklyn, NY 11202

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Lutteur pour lutte et exhibition (photo obligatoire)—pouvez facilement héberger Paris—Ecrite Alain Massa
33 Rue Henri de Villemorin, 94400 Vitry-sur-Seine France

LEATHER BUDDY/EUROPE

Going my way! Attr BB, Gr/B, B&D, W/m, 35, 6', 185 lbs., visit Berlin, Munich, London alone mid-Oct, seeks travel companion or friends of similar interests. US military bikers, 3-ways okay. Letter/pic gets same. BJD. Box 5924, Cleve and OH 44101

CANADIAN LEATHERMAN

Mr. British Columbia Leather 84 and invitational contestant in Mr. Drummer 84 (see Drummer 76) travelling abroad in 85/86 and looking for hosts/employers worldwide. If you're into leather and interested in getting together contact Bryan Anderson, Box 4147

AMERICAN, 33, 5'11", 160 LBS

In Kaiserslautern, W Germany leather and Uniform scenes. Looking for G.I.'s, Tommies, Poles, Krauts, Cops, etc into same. No hard drugs, FF or mutual. All other options negotiable. bondage and bikes a plus. Often back home so stateside replies welcome. Complete discretion assured. know you're out there, and I know it's tough to make contact. I've got a lot to lose, and so do you, but we'll never meet if you don't write. It's worth it. Box 3885

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When answering foreign ads with box numbers, remember to include the correct amount of overseas airmail postage. Current rates are 40¢ per 1/2 ounce. Letters without correct postage will be destroyed.

AUSTRALIA

SLAVE NEEDED

30 yr old Master 6'0" 160 lbs. Moving from U.S.A. to Perth. Attractive & seeking a young boy slave 18-30. Slave must be slim or hunky and baby-faced or handsome. Moustache preferred. I want a HOT BOY SLAVE who is totally obedient and ready for B&D, TT, CBT. Shaving and Piercing. Master is level headed and caring. Upper-half nude picture requested with letter. Box 3865

BRAZIL

LATE 20's, 1354, 5'8 1/2"

Blond, swimmer's body in Southern Brazil into CB, BD, WS, etc. Like to meet anyone passing through or exchange hot elite's. 30 lbs. 10-15 etc. Box 1626

FRANCE

PARIS DISCIPLINE

Dad, 48, spanks unruly boys. (1) 522 5005.

GERMANY

BERLIN, 40, 5'11"/170

Bl bearded uncut, into L/L, F/B, p. GR, p. tits coming to US, wants to meet leatherman. Send Photo to Hans G. Bass, 74 Stresemannstr. #1120, 1000 Berlin 61 West Germany

GERMAN LEATHERMAN

In SM, BD, TT, shaving, kink (NO scat), games and gamerooms, wants to meet interested and interesting men into same. Age, race not import. Send photo, description of your scene to Postfach 420 515, 1000 Berlin 42 West Germany

BERLIN, GERMAN

63/185, dk bld, moust, into L/L and related activities, not just limited to BD, SM, CBT, tort, shag, experiments, wants to meet men into some all or more of the above. Traveling quite often. Send ltr of your scene and photo to Box 3946

LIMITLESS DIRTSCENES

Wanted by experienced man 43, 5'11", 160, looking for top or mutual piss, piss, snot, scat, puke, anemas, oil, grease, rubber and leather gear. Jockstraps, boots and foot w/ whip. SM, TT, CBT and catheters. Hot wax, whipping, shaving and piercing. Interested in world wide contacts. Box 3285

JAPAN

INTELLIGENT Japanese man, 48, 5'6", 146 lbs, good looking, clean, smooth, non-smoker, healthy, wants a masculine master 20-35, in good physical condition. Box 4178

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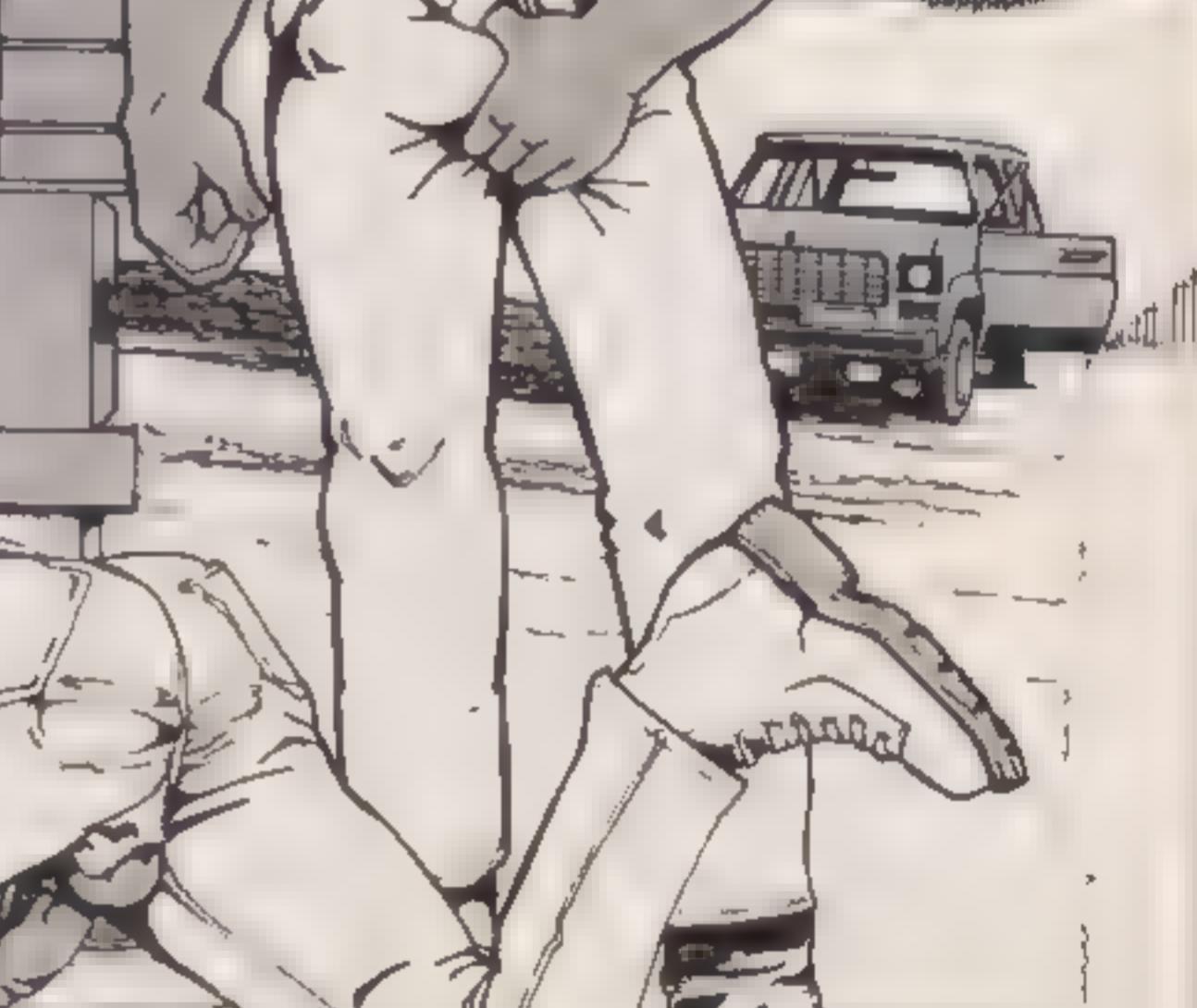
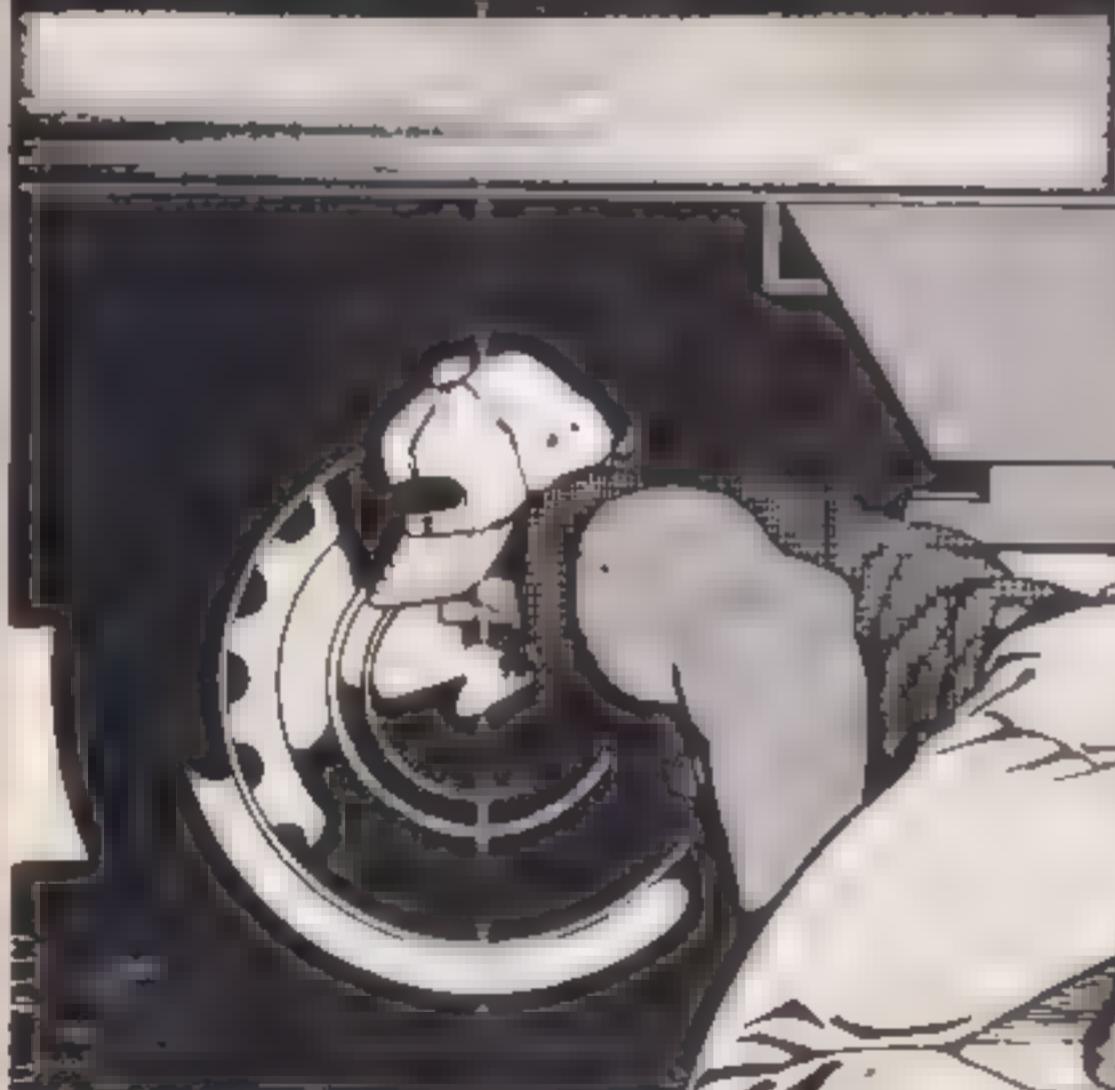
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INTERNATIONAL LEATHER SCENE



INDISCREET: Erotic dancer John Kass and Buddy put on their own impromptu public demonstration offstage during an unnamed contest at an unnamed San Francisco leather bar (If it sounds like we're trying to be discreet, we are—but we figured you wouldn't mind missing a few details as long as you got to see this picture.) Photo by Robert Pruzan

78 DRUMMER

SCHOOL'S OPEN

Gay Male SM Activists of New York, one of the country's leading groups in the movement toward formal education and training in SM practices, recently published its "fall semester" series of meetings and workshops. General meetings are held on the second and fourth Wednesdays of the month at the Gay Community Center, 208 West 13th Street first floor, at 8:30 P.M., with a door donation of \$2 (members) and \$3 (non-members). Special meetings are sometimes scheduled for other addresses and sometimes require an additional admission charge. Of special interest in October and November:

"Temperature Torture" (Oct. 10, 208 W. 13th): "Candles, ice cubes, hot oil, cigarettes, cigars...etc. items can be used in remarkably sophisticated and even artistic ways to create exquisite feelings of pain and pleasure," notes the GMSMA brochure. The program leader, an MD, will explain physiological aspects, give advice on avoiding injury—and even show slides.

Workshop: "Temperature Torture" (Oct. 13, time and place to be announced). Putting lessons into practice, as GMSMA members have "the opportunity to use and/or feel the effects of a wide range of devices exploiting temperature extremes." Hot? You bet.

"School for Lower Education" (Oct. 20, Mineshaft, \$8 nonmembers, \$5 members). GMSMA members will demonstrate their own special techniques in public: "Safe, sane, spectacular SM."

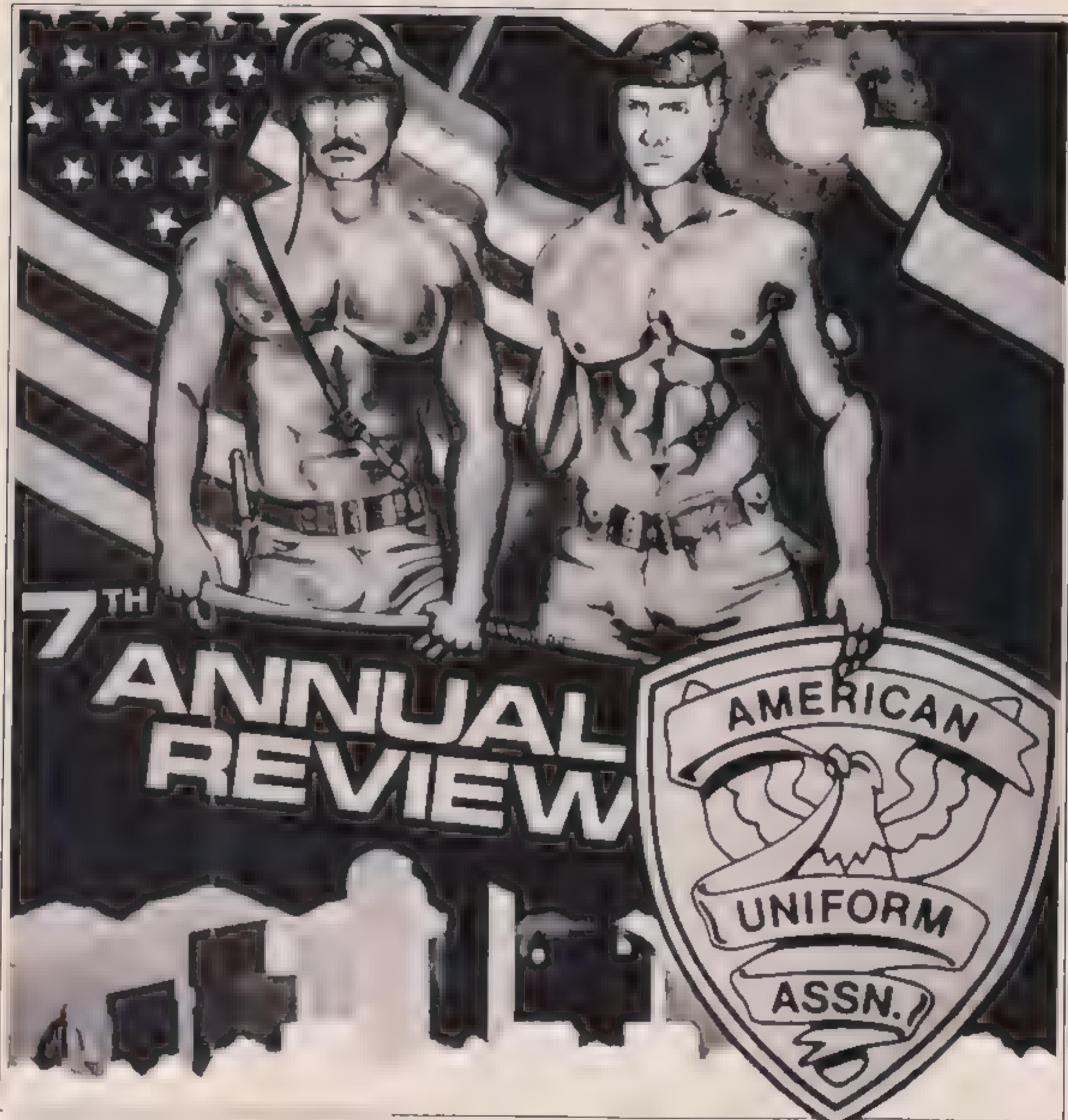
Historical Perspective on Consensual SM" (Oct. 24, 208 W. 13th). GMSMA asks, "What was the Marquis de Sade really like?"—and other burning questions—in a backward look at historical SM, complete with slide show.

Water Sports, Scat, and Other Raunch Scenes" (Nov. 14, 208 W. 13th). A taboo-bursting program on "dirt"—mud, oil, sweat, piss, shit—why it can be so exciting, and how to make it as safe as possible.

If this kind of in-depth, reflective but hands-on approach to SM hits your spot, you can get more information on Gay Male SM Activists and their various programs by writing GMSMA, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

MR. SPIKE

One of New York's most famous leather havens, The Spike, announces its search for Mr. Spike, to culminate in a



CLOTHES MAKE THE MAN: This is the striking poster art for the 7th Annual Review of the American Uniform Association, held Oct. 5-8 in Denver. You'll have to be there to make the men, but the poster's available through the mail. (See "Men in Uniform")

contest on Oct. 21 at 9:30 P.M. The top man will be The Spike's entrant in the Mr. Leather, New York contest (a benefit for the Gay Men's Health Crisis) being held on Oct. 27. Requested admission to the event is the purchase of at least one \$1 raffle ticket benefiting GMHC. Contestants can ask for contest details at the bar, and must register at The Spike (120 Eleventh Ave. at 28th St.) by October 17.

MEN IN UNIFORM

If you've got a thing for men in uniform—and who doesn't—you're

likely to shoot a load in your pants the minute you walk in the door of the American Uniform Association's 7th Annual Review, being held this year over the weekend of Oct. 5-8 in Denver. Polished brass, starched collars, blinding navy whites, and lots of leather, from Sam Browne belts to full regalia, will be on hand (and maybe on all-fours) when AUA members and other men into uniforms come together for a weekend of partying at establishments all over the Mile-High City.

To announce the event, the AUA has

released a specially-commissioned poster that's a definite knock-out (and available to art and pec lovers for a measly six bucks, postage included, from Review Coordinator and artist Leon Marfell.) For information on the American Uniform Association and its Annual Review, or to order the poster, contact Leon Marfell, c/o Review Headquarters, 5 E. Bayaud, Denver, CO 80209, or phone (303) 778-6993.

And even if you can't make to it Denver for the festivities—take a soldier to lunch.

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DADDY LINE-UP: Or, legs in leather. These are the men who showed their masculine wares in competition for the annual Daddy Contest held at Chaps in San Francisco. The benefit netted \$3100 for the SF AIDS Funds. Christian Heran (second from left) netted the title. Joe Resignano, to his left (the Daddy with the wet spot) was named Second Runner-Up. Heran makes his living as a chocolate manufacturer in the Russian River resort town of Guerneville that news started us salivating for the second time. Photo by Mischa Kizain

"WE ENJOY SHAVING"

Latest on the special interest club scene: the formation of an organization called WES (We Enjoy Shaving). The group was officially organized this summer and already claims 50 members throughout the US. Based on an extensive mailing campaign, WES expects three times that number by summer's end.

The WES newsletter, Stubble, features club news, offbeat news, clippings, head-shaving photos from here and there, fact and fiction.

Interested parties can receive a membership application by writing to: WES, Box 6316, Reno, NV 89513. Considering the foamy response to Robert Payne's "Slaveshaving" in Drummer 75, we figured you'd want to know.

DADDY'S BOY II

Upcoming the second annual Leather Daddy's Boy Contest, a benefit for the SF AIDS Fund, to be held Oct. 21, 3-6 P.M. at the San Francisco Eagle. The prestigious panel of judges include Sonny Cline, Mr. Drummer '84, Christian Heran, San Francisco's Leather Daddy '84; longtime

leatherman Paul Mayer; and not one but three holders of the International Mr. Leather title—Luke Daniel (also Mr. Drummer '82), Colt Thomas and Ron Moore. Last but certainly not least on the panel: Al Parker. For more info, see the bartender at The Eagle (12th and Harrison Streets).

GERMAN PANTHERS

Tenth year anniversaries seem to have been the order of the day all over Northern Europe this summer. Kicking off the autumn is the Ten Year Anniversary celebration of MS Panther e.V., the notorious Panther motorcycle club of Cologne, West Germany. Members of the European Confederation of Motorcycle Clubs (but not, apparently, exhausted by the EMC's own ten-year anniversary celebrations this summer), the Panthers will be holding their own festivities October 26-28, with events ranging from a welcome in the Coconut Disco to sightseeing in historical Cologne and a ride on the "Kaiser Carriage" suspension railway in Wuppertal.

The Panthers can be contacted by writing: MS Panther Kolin e.V., Postfach 5163 D-4620 Castrop-Rauxel, West Germany.

VASM IS TWO

Over the past year, International Leather Scene has published a number of items on Vancouver Activists in SM (VASM), a progressive group dedicated to safe-and-sane principles of SM with a burgeoning reputation all up and down the Canadian and US West Coasts.

Word now arrives of VASM's Second Anniversary Weekend, scheduled for Oct. 6 and 7 in Bellingham, Washington; organizers expect to have almost fifty Activists in attendance. International Leather Scene extends best wishes for a weekend of wild action, administered with the steady hand of safe-and-sane discipline mastered by the Vancouver Activists.

MR. LEATHER, NY

A small postscript and correction to our item in last issue's International Leather Scene about the Mr. Leather, New York contest being held Oct. 27 at Alex's Disco Bar. The full, correct contact address for Interchain, sponsor of the event, is: Box 410, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011. (We published only the box number—but the street address has to be included as well.)

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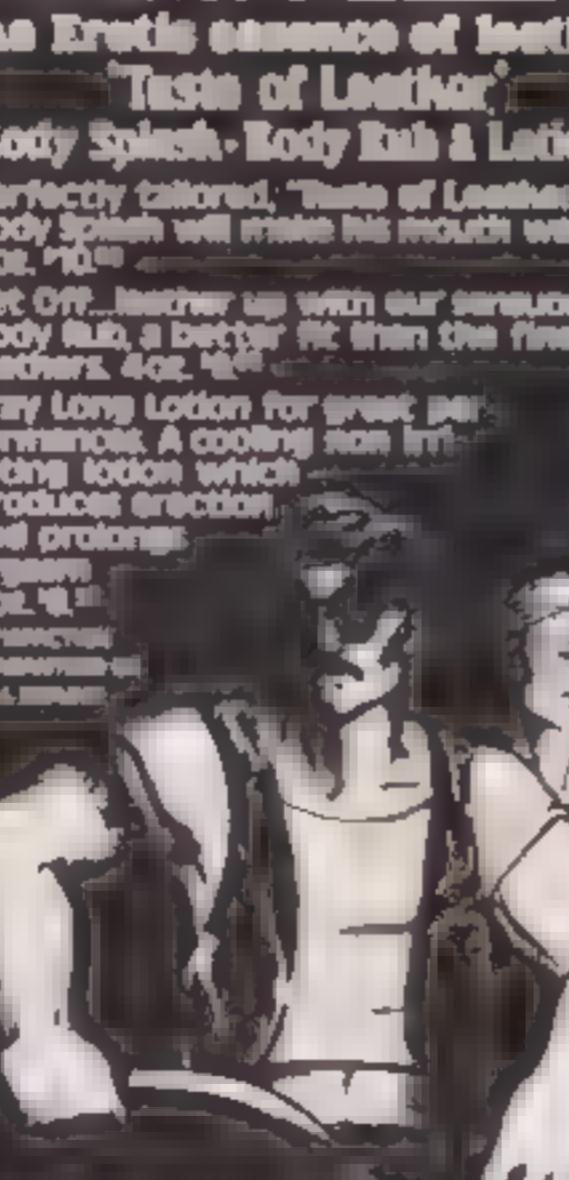
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DRUMMER DADDIES

In Search of Older Men

They're back—Daddies and sons laying it on the line, telling it like it is. Drummer Daddies 3, scheduled to come off the presses shortly after you read this, has filled up with raunchy case histories submitted by readers—so we're sharing the overflow in the pages of Drummer. But we've got a feeling that even Drummer Daddies 3 won't be enough to totally satisfy those who have joined The Search for Older Men—so if you've got a story to share get off the stick, get it off your chest, and watch our readers get off on it! Send your case history (preferably typed) to: Drummer Daddies, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107

BOSS DADDY

Yes, Sir! I am obeying your command to write a letter about the Daddy/son relationship I live in. Daddy and I have been together for over two years now and I hope we stay together for a long time. Daddy and I grew up in the same town and he was my idol when I was a freshman in high school and he was a senior. We grew up two houses from each other.

Even back then, Daddy was everything that I was not. He was tall and handsome and well-built and an outstanding athlete. His dark hair and dark complexion always fascinated me. I can remember that even then he was very hairy and I couldn't take my eyes off of him whenever we'd go swimming in a neighbor's pool. He was all man and he always had a large bulge at his crotch, no matter what he was wearing. I never got to see him naked in all that time, though.

I was quite the opposite: short, red hair, very fair complexion. Even when I graduated from high school, I had just a few tufts of red hair under my arms and just above my cock. I had a lot of freckles which made me ugly. The only thing that made me think that I was anything like him was the fact that I had a pretty big cock. Still I was ashamed of it, for it was uncut and different from everyone else's cock.

I talked about a lot of things. I guess I shared just about everything of my life with him except for the fact that I was gay. I wasn't out of the closet yet and I didn't want to lose my job. Though I asked him to stop calling me "kid" he kept it up. I, in return, began to call him "boss" both at work and at home.

Come that Friday night, I got home earlier than he did. He said he had to stop someplace and would be along shortly. It had been a hot day and I had sweated a lot, so I jumped into the shower as soon as I got home. It felt so good and I stayed in it for quite a while. When I finally got out, I towed off and headed to my room to get dressed. I'll never forget the words that I spoke when I opened my closet door to find it empty and noticed that my dresser had been cleaned out also. "What the fuck?" I hollered out.

"In here, kid!" I heard him say from his room next to mine. I was mad and stormed into his room. I stopped dead in my tracks just inside the door. He was standing there totally naked. I couldn't take my eyes off of him. The bulge I'd only seen covered before stood out hard before him—a good 9 or 10 inches of hard and thick cock. Whether I would have wanted to hide my feelings from him or not, I couldn't. My cock sprang to life and was tenting the towel out in front of me.

He looked straight into my eyes as he walked over to me and pulled the towel away. "Kid," he said, "remember that I'm the boss. I want you naked at home at all times from now on. You belong to me and will obey me. I'm the boss!"

It just happened that I responded with, "Yes, Daddy!"

I had no idea of what I was getting into at that point. I'd been involved in sucking and fucking and nothing more. I had a lot to learn about a Daddy/son relationship. Within the next few moments he led me back into the bathroom and proceeded to shave what body hair I had from me. He said that he wanted me as his little hairless toy.



He becomes even more supersensitive, but he doesn't stop and continues to work on it. I have begged my Daddy to whip me more or to do anything else to me but to work on my cockhead. I have told him that I will eat his shit. He always simply smiles and tells me that he knows that I don't want him to stop. I always end up telling him that if it pleases him, then I am happy also.

Each summer we spend a week at home—he with his folks and me with mine. They are both happy that we work together and seem to get along so well together. They know nothing of our real relationship and think it's all a big joke that he continues to call me "kid" and that I call him "boss" when we're at home.

We just returned from such a visit. When we got back, it was the first time that I ever saw my Daddy cry. He asked me if I was really happy with him. I don't know what happened to him, but that night he took me to bed with him and made tender love to me. It wasn't Daddy/son or Boss/kid—it was two lovers in bed together expressing their love for each other. It was the first time I ever fucked his ass as I lay between his legs wrapped in his arms and kissing him as I fucked. I know that it had to hurt him because he insisted that I enter him dry and he'd told me a long time before that he'd only been fucked twice in his life. Still, he did not show any resistance or give evidence of any pain. I admire him for that. I also know that it will probably be a long time before

and the only times I saw him was over the summer and whenever he came home during the school year. It always seemed that I got to see him and talk to him a bit when he was home. He always called me "kid" and would tossle my hair or slap my butt.

Upon graduation from high school, I went to the same college he attended. I seldom saw him there that first year, but I was able to catch a ride home with him whenever he went home. I treasured those moments with my idol. After he graduated, he went off with a job and I didn't see him again for the following three years except for a few days during the summer when he came home to visit.

Before college graduation, I did my share of applying for jobs. I was interviewed by a particular company and was notified a few days later that I had the job. Shortly after that I got a letter from the man who would be my immediate boss or supervisor welcoming me to the company. I didn't think anything of it when I read the signature, "John Smith." Hell, there had to be thousands of them all over the country and it couldn't possibly be the John Smith of my teen idolatry. The letter was very formal and business-like.

It was after I wrote to him about possibly helping to find an apartment or place to live that he wrote back and offered to share his place with me. He said it wasn't much—a small cottage out of town a bit, but he liked it because it was quiet and peaceful. He assured me that there would be room for the two of us and I accepted his offer with the understanding that as soon as I got on my feet I'd get a place of my own.

I arrived there at the specified time. He was on vacation and had sent me the key to his place. I was anxious to meet him, but that had to wait. During the next two weeks, I became accustomed to my job and found it fascinating and exciting. Everyone talked about my boss as being one super guy and I couldn't wait to meet him.

Meet him I did. I couldn't believe it. It was the John I'd know and idolized and admired! That first night he was home, everything went fine. He'd known who I was all the time. Somehow all the feelings about him from my teen years overcame me and I found myself in awe of him. We had separate bedrooms of sorts. His was a good-sized room and mine was little more than a closet which left little room for moving about in with the twin bed there. It didn't matter to me. In fact, the job and everything had suddenly become better than I'd dreamed of it being.

That first week went really great. Though I cringed a bit when he did it, he still called me "kid" and he did it at work and at home. Still, I guess that's the only way he knew me and felt comfortable with. During that week we

were involved. I had no idea that I'd be spanked and paddled and whipped. I had no idea that he would use tit clamps and ball restraints and weights and butt plugs and dildos. I had no idea of a lot of things. All I know is that I was crying tears of joy as he touched my body that night and put a rather heavy chain about my neck which he fastened with a padlock. That was important, for the chain and the lock were of silver. "You'll wear this always," he said, "as my kid slave."

That night he fucked me for the first time. I tried to tell him that I needed to be lubed before a fucking. He entered me dry and unclean. I screamed out in pain, but could not fight against him. I was no match for him. The pain turned to pleasure soon and I trembled all over as I felt him shoot his load up my ass. I'd wanted that for so long.

I again tried to resist him as he withdrew from my ass and tried to shove his cock into my mouth as it was covered with specks from my own ass. He prevailed and, though I gagged a lot, I did manage to clean it off for him. I tried desperately to pull away as the first sprays of his piss began to enter into my mouth, but he wouldn't let me. He put it clearly: "You'll lick my dirty cock and drink my piss and you'll grow to love doing it!"

I'd never experienced any type of bondage or restraints, but I soon learned. Though he used few restraints during the week, I spent almost every weekend in some form of bondage. Yes, weekends were when I was mostly disciplined and punished and used in ways that I'd never thought I could take. Sure, it took me a while to get used to all of it and I did more than my share of screaming and hollering as it all happened to me, but I accepted it all. Again and again he would ask me if I wanted to end the arrangement of living with him, but I did not want to. I couldn't. He remained my idol even then.

My Daddy delights in my uncut cock. I've always had a supersensitive cockhead under my foreskin and he quickly found that out. If there is anything I could say about my Daddy that I hate, it's what he does to my cockhead. Once or twice a week he will bind me in the tightest of bondage. I can always tell what he has in mind and I start whimpering immediately, but I do not resist him. He derives such pleasures, it seems, from what he does to me.

When I'm tightly bound, he pulls my foreskin back and exposes my sensitive cockhead. During the next hour or so he will lightly touch or rub or even lick my exposed cockhead until I am reduced to a blubbing and shaking and trembling mass of flesh. I begin by screaming out in agony shortly after he starts and quickly lose my voice in doing so. It never fails that he quickly brings me to the point that I shoot my load. That's when my cockhead

I don't know, but it seems as if that night has bound us together even more. Sure, he disciplines me as hard as ever, if not worse than before. He still works on my cockhead as before when he wants to do so. He's even taken to whipping my cock and balls and is talking about piercing my tits. I mentioned to him to have my foreskin pierced, but he won't hear of it. He thinks it might lessen the sensitivity of my cock. What's changed, however, is that my Daddy is much more affectionate at other times. At work he'll call me into his office and just take me into his arms and hold me and kiss me. He rarely kissed me before. At home at nights, he will often have me sit in his lap with his cock up my ass and pull me to him and kiss me and touch my naked body all over as he does so.

"You're free to move at any time," he's been saying to me. I've asked him if he wants me to leave, but he tells me "no." He just wants me to stay of my own free will and not feel that I have to stay.

Last night we read together the latest *Drummer* and your request for letters to Drummer Daddies. Daddy gave me the day off today. You see, he thought it would be neat if he shaved me bald last night and he wanted to give me a day to get used to it and to write to you.

Yes, I know what's going to happen tonight when he gets home. He's going to read this letter and I know that he's going to whip and beat the living hell out of me. He told me that last night. He said, "If you ever write to *Drummer* and tell them about us, you'll pay for it in full." I promised never to do so. As we went to bed, he commanded me to write. I reminded him of what he had told me earlier. He took me into his arms and held me tightly as he kissed me for a while. He pulled back and looked at me and said, "Kid! You know I have to punish you for sharing our life together. I've got to! It's got to be that way. But I still want you to do it. Does that make sense?"

It did to me and here's my letter. Daddy already told me to tell you that your magazine is super. I agree.

Daddy John

and son Justin

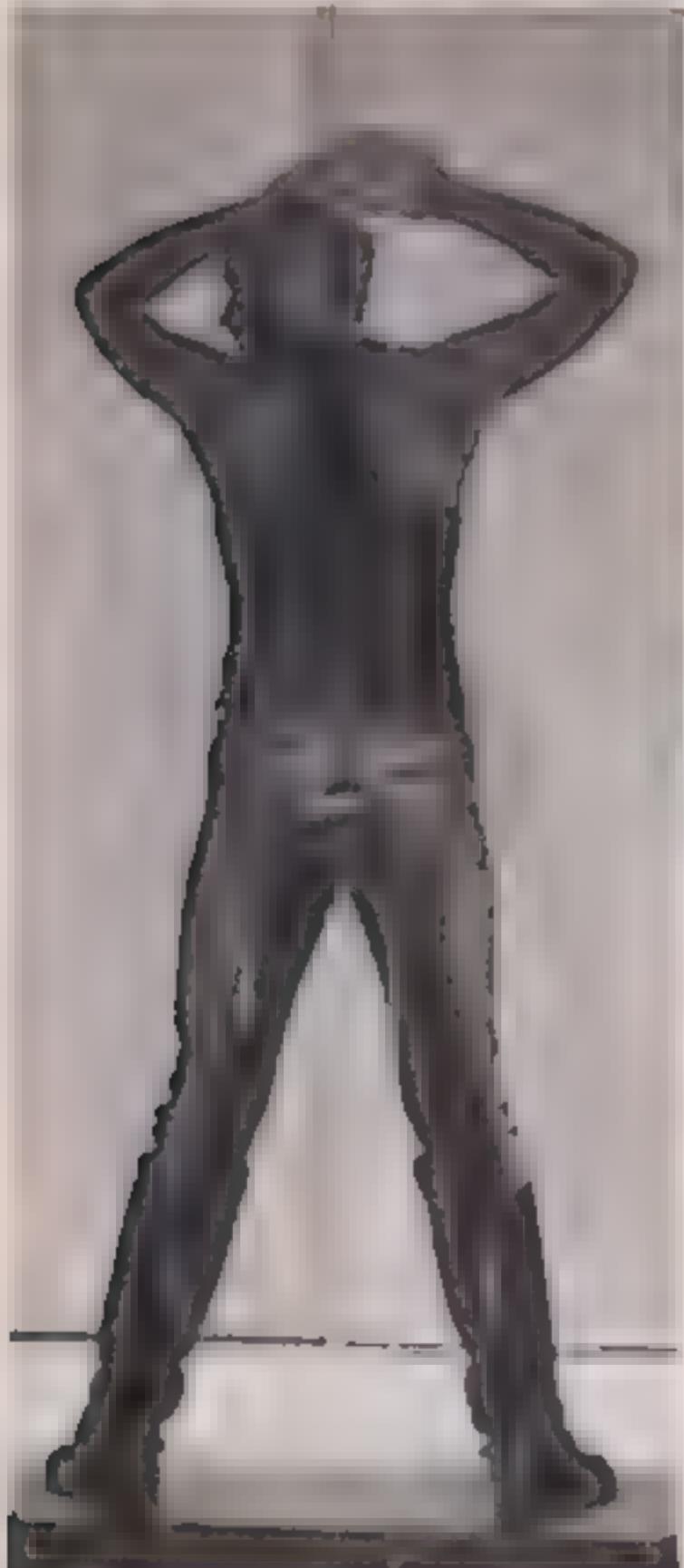
P.S. Please, Sirs! Just once I'd like to see some kind of a photo spread depicting a skinny and not desirable kid with a built Daddy. Maybe I missed it, but I've never seen that. All the models on your pages are always hot and built. What about us guys whose ribs show and are thin and rather scrawny? Can't we see just once a pictorial showing that side of the scene? My Daddy's built in such a way that he'd easily be considered as a photo layout. What I'd like to see, and I believe that there's others out there like me, is some photos of really skinny guys. I don't know, but maybe we suffer a hell of a lot more than the sons who have more flesh to their bodies. We aren't as frail as we look.

□

TOUGH CUSTOMERS

WANNA BE A T.C.?

Think your stuff is hot enough to appear in Drummer's Tough Customer pages? Like to show it off? Send your photo (black and white reproduces best, dim color shots won't do at all), along with a brief description or message to: Tough Customers, Drummer, 964 Folsom Street, San Francisco, CA 94107. Tell us you're of legal age, put your signature on the back of the photo and include your name and address (we won't print that information unless you ask us to). See ya around!



GERMAN SLAVE

This 40-year-old Berlin bootslave, into uniforms and leather, begs permission to please American Masters who appreciate good tongue service.

You can contact this West German Tough Customer by addressing correspondence to TC No. 1084 (Enclose 40 cents for forwarding to West Germany).



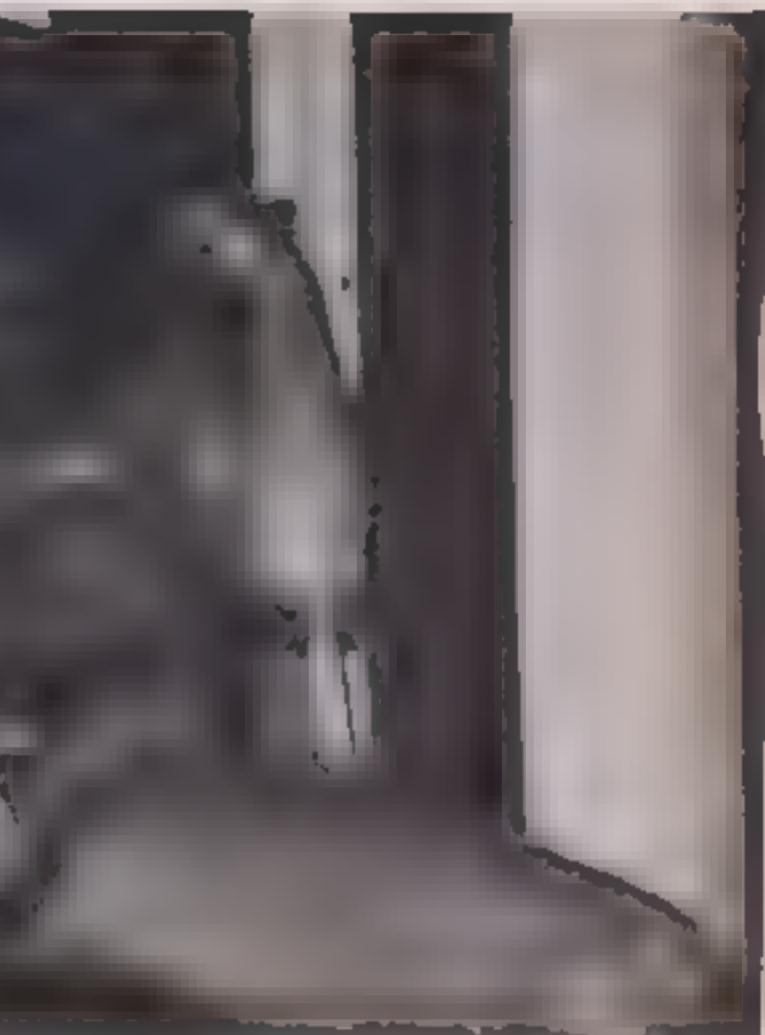
J/O SEX SLAVE

This 22-year-old slave and his 6'4" Master live in Southern California and enjoy bondage, leather, oil, jocks, uniforms and prolonged, sizzling, sleazy, overpowering fantasy scenes. Hot, confident parties may respond to TC No. 1083.



CHICAGO SUBMISSIVE

This 30-year-old uncut slave in a red bandana wants his fantasies turned into reality—namely, being shackled and abused (T.T. CB. Hoods, Toys) by a leather/uniformed Master (or two). He's blond and has a fantasy of being in a porn flick. See his Drumbeats ad under Illinois, or write to TC No. 1086.



GREASY, SWEaty ACTION

Pleasure is having some guy's greasy asshole in front of me and opening it up with my cock, my fist, or whatever else I've got handy. Wade cruises Hollywood. See his Drumbeats ad (under International) or write to TC No. 1085.



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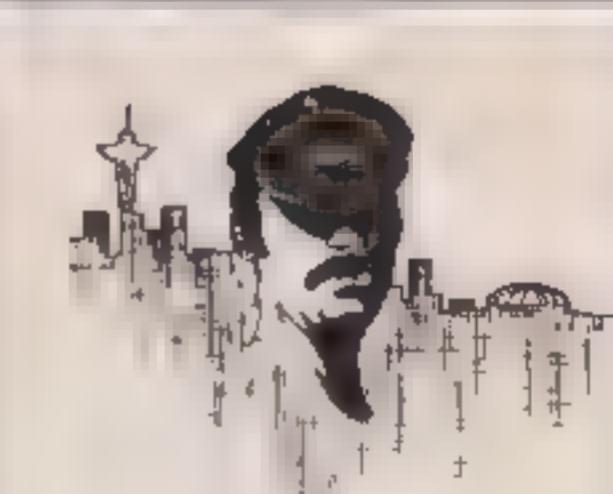
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DRUM MEDIA VIDEO

ITALIAN BRASS BALLS

Tinto Brass is no second-string director of iron-bra historical epics, but his following is as cultish. In America he is chiefly known, if his name is known at all, as the director of *Caligula*, where his name is overpowered by the media-conscious likes of Bob Guccione and his directional vision clouded by the appearance of Peter O'Toole, Malcolm McDowell and Sir John Gielgud in what can only be described as the most lavish porn movie ever made.

But Tinto Brass, responsible for 95% of the awesomeness of *Caligula*, is no stranger to erotic nightmares. In fact, it was his 1975 film, *Salon Kitty*, that con-

Salon Kitty, directed by Tinto Brass, starring Helmut Berger, Ingrid Thulin, 1975 (film), 1984 (video), VCL (Media Home Entertainment) 120 minutes, rated X, VHS, Beta \$69.95

vinced Guccione, the publisher of *Penthouse*, that no one else but Tinto Brass could bring off such a controversial and ground-breaking film.

Salon Kitty was, in a word, a sleeper Revolutionary for its time, perhaps too much so, it was lost in the wave of sexually explicit mainstream movies of the post-pornography period; while not hard-core, it rode a frenzied line between art house acceptability and outright repulsion from "serious" film critics. Only *Screen International* had a handle on its importance, calling it "an epitaph to the work of Tinto Brass, an insight into the erotic nightmare of his mind." But even *SI* was premature in its judgment that *Salon Kitty* was any kind of cinematic plateau—*Caligula* was yet to come. Perhaps *SI* thought Brass had gone, in *Salon Kitty*, about as far as he dared.

In truth, no Italian director outside Pier Paolo Pasolini (*Salo, The Canterbury Tales, Arabian Nights*) has gone as far in exploiting sexuality, although Pasolini is usually praised for doing it by the same *Si* ktoast critics who trash Tinto Brass.

Salon Kitty is one of the most infamous Nazi era legends; the high command installed pure Aryan female agents posing as prostitutes in bugged bedrooms to ferret out information and indiscretions from its own myriad corps of officers and officials. While the hookers thought the authorities were depending on their written transcripts of the night's proceedings and conversations, the rooms were monitored, via hidden microphones. Seems no one really trusted anyone, not even card-carrying Nazi whores.

Salon Kitty was a famous erotic estab-



NO EXIT and no clues as to who assumes what position in Tinto Brass' Nazi nightmare set in a whorehouse called *Salon Kitty*. And these are just the extras.

lishment in pre-war Berlin, run like the finest European bordello, featuring highly-charged, if insular to the times public entertainments, staffed with the finest love goddesses (and a few *tres gai* attendants) available. This is not the cartoon-cabaret atmosphere of *Cabaret*, but a true erotic nightmare, where the most perverse tastes warranted nothing more than a slightly higher fee.

Helmut Berger plays the Nazi officer in charge of the operation (and he makes a much better Nazi than he does a Dorian Gray); Ingrid Thulin is the "Kitty" who first resists, then collaborates with the scheme. The rest of the cast, mostly completely unknown locals, is a spectrum of classic Germanic faces and bodies—in an inspection scene early on, when the hookers-to-be are being drilled by selected German soldiers in the refinement of sex, you'll note that the 20 or so Nazi studs are all uncut. There is the occasional drag queen, a rash of effeminate salon attendants, and a few unusual types that defy description.

But it was Brass' intention to carry his film to the very limit, sans pulled-punches, and in the raunchier episodes (a hooker forced to sleep with a hunch-backed dwarf, for instance) no compromises exist.

This story would be a quagmire of perversion on top of perversion (and some will argue that is the apt description) if two sub-plots did not completely take over.

The obvious conflict arises when one

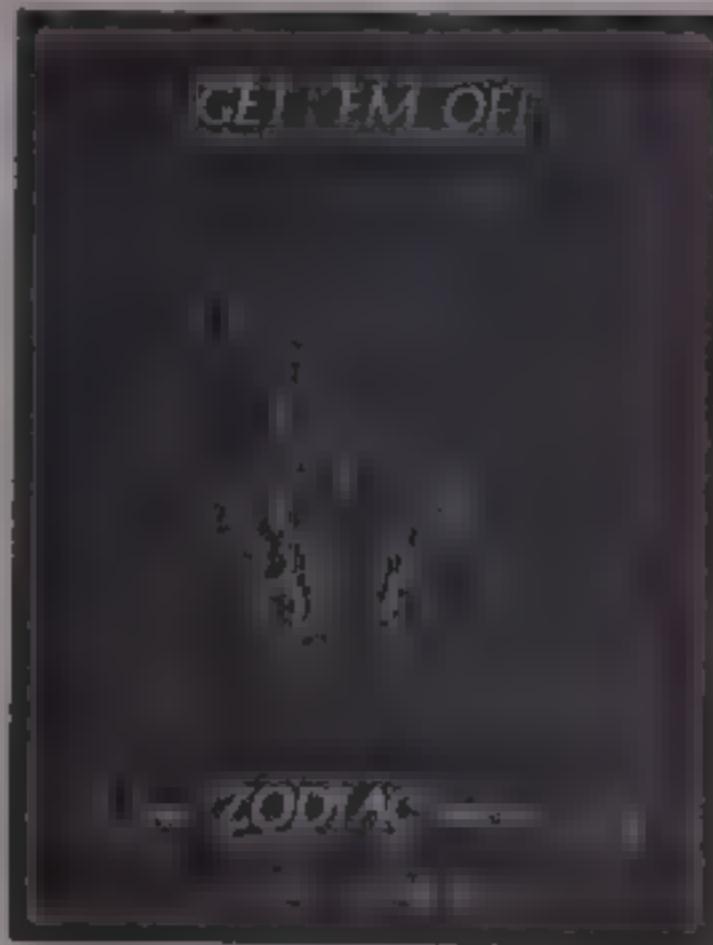
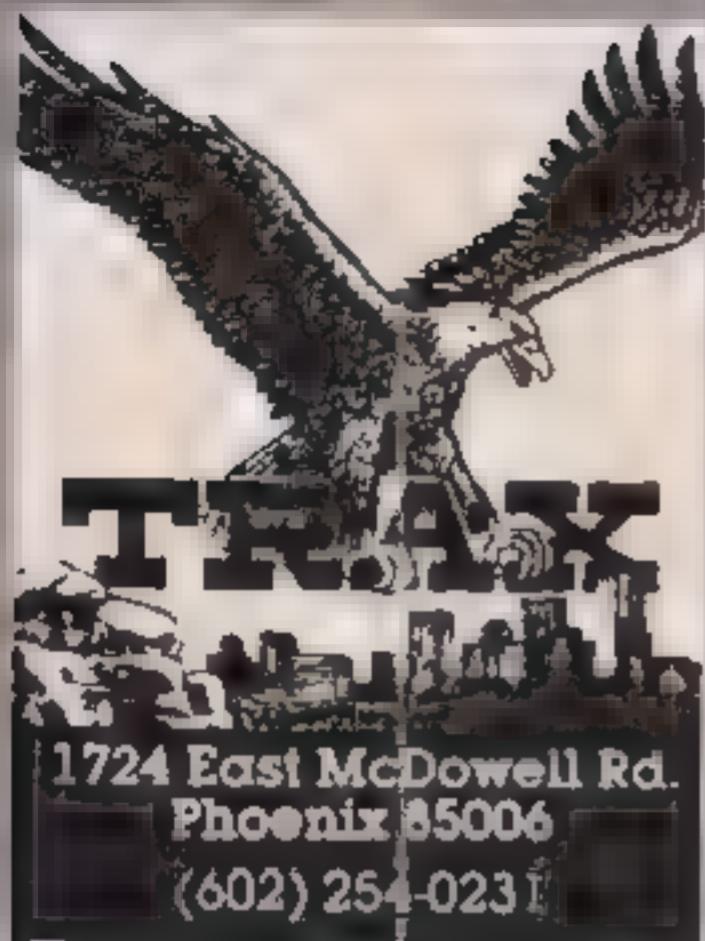
of the Nazi hookers falls for a German pilot who is beginning to question his country's intentions. Through his daily visits to the whore/spy, he begins to unwind and disclose every anti-Nazi sentiment he has heretofore kept buried inside. When she begins altering her reports to protect him from the masters of this clandestine game, you know what's coming. Remember that, unbeknownst to the prostitutes, the rooms are being monitored.

The second conflict comes from Berger's attraction to the same woman, and he, of course, knows she's lying in her daily reports. Berger is a bundle of sexual frustrations. It's hard to figure if he likes to watch (he makes the whore get it on with his wife/girlfriend), is sexually impotent (he never tries to screw her), or suffers from some pseudo-homosexuality à la Tinto Brass (he keeps making her crawl across the room and give him head), or has the ultimate clothing fetish (he makes her watch him dress up in uniforms outlandish even for the over-dressed Nazi era).

Suffice to say, she doesn't know that he knows what's going on between her and the flyboy.

Salon Kitty is filled with visual surprises, from the whorehouse singer who is dressed half as a man, half as a woman, to the waiters in skirts who dance the can-can and throw up their petticoats to reveal their genitals. Tinto Brass went after a combination of classic Nazi symbolism and period interiors to fashion a

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sleek, relentless voyage that may be more routine in the narrative than one would like, but never fails to assault the eyes with images that repulse as easily as they seduce. His closing moments may well be the ultimate image of the results of the thousand-year reich.

Reproduction is average for a mainstream title, a dark film—in places—that is annoying dark in the beginning. All in all, a perverse treat for those unafraid of the politically and sexually incorrect.

THE SLEAZE FACTOR

Remember back when nothing sexual was sacred? When the question wasn't "What will you do?" but "What do you like?"—the assumption being that, in certain circles of the huge sub-strata of gay, there were no more taboos, just the right situations.

The endless nights of crawling around on the filthy floors of subterranean sex clubs experiencing nirvana are but a

One Step Beyond, directed by Dave Nesor, Slave & Master Video, 1984, starring Leather Rick, Snip, Dr. Bob, 60 minutes, direct video, Beta/VHS, \$85 plus \$3 postage/handling signed statement required.

Fisting Ballet, directed by Dave Nesor, Slave & Master Video, 1984; starring Leather Rick, The Tantric Master, 60 minutes, direct video, Beta/VHS, \$85 plus \$3 postage/handling signed statement required. Slave & Master Video, 1349 N. Wells, Chicago, IL 60610

memory in many hearts and minds, to be relived through the daring of those few filmmakers and actors (I used the word advisedly) who still engage in acts currently off 90% of the public's list of do's.

Two new videos from Slave & Master Video, both directed by in-house wunderkinder Dave Nesor, harken back to those days of unbridled exploration. *One Step Beyond* and *Fisting Ballet*.

But first things first: *One Step Beyond*, emotionally, goes beyond anything S&MV has heretofore released. The action might look familiar—water sports, clothespins, bondage, candles—but the underlying catharsis of the prey indeed speaks to an absolute sincerity unlike anything you've probably ever witnessed. This boy was in pain.

Fisting Ballet rightfully takes its place as the most original, most exciting, most beautiful—in a way only fisting fans will appreciate, to be sure—work of its kind. It stands head to head with the classic *Erotic Hands*, and stands with its head held very high.

One Step Beyond is an extension if not a refinement of the series of original videos that include *The Pain Down Below*, *The Terrible Trilogy*, and *Down & Dirty*. Like these, it centers around a single set of characters in a single situation, exploring a connected set of activities, sans plot, sans characterizations, stripped to the bare essentials of sadomasochism. The bottom (the main

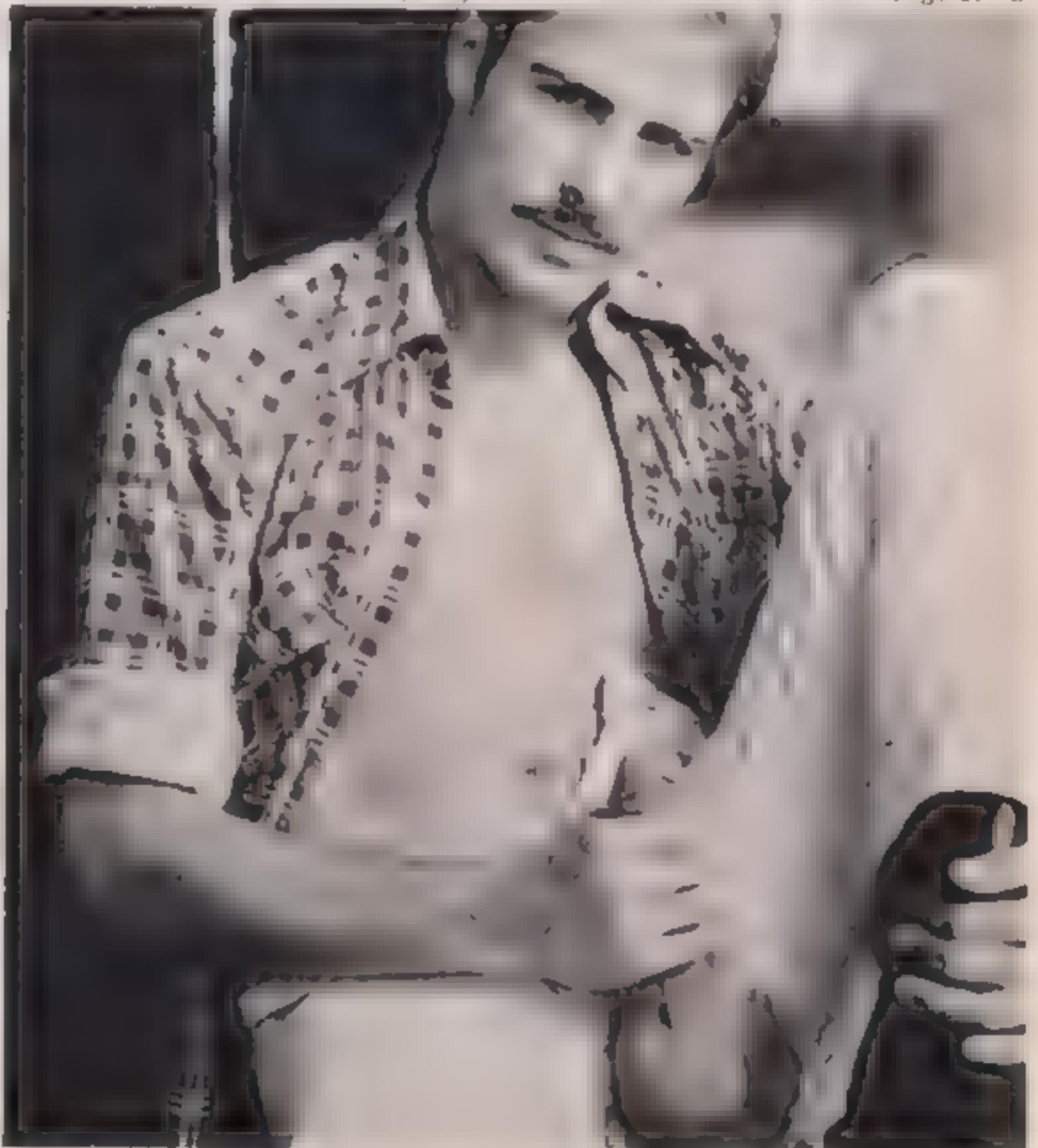
VIDEO BRIEFS

It bills itself as a newsletter but it's really a sales brochure, but that's quite okay, because *The Insider*, an irregular 4-page promotional sales item from Award Films, is so packed with information you won't mind that every film mentioned is for sale from the publishers.

Award Films caught public attention when it went after and got the video cassette rights to a handful of important gay-oriented films that traditional video houses had overlooked as being too strange, too sexy, or much too specialized. Titles like Eloy de la Iglesia's provocative look at post-Franco homosexuality in Spain, *El Diputado*, Philippe Vallois' evocative and moving story of a WWII German soldier betrayed by a French peasant, *We Were One Man*; and Jean Dellano's extraordinary story of pre-gay love in a French Catholic school, *This Special Friendship*.

With the latter, Award has actually preserved a lost film. First shown in 1963, it shocked polite French audiences. American theatrical versions were gutted (the McGraw-Hill 16mm version accredited to be complete was not), and the original 35mm composite master was gathering dust in a New York warehouse. After two decades, Award Films has issued what is only the second possible look at the uncut version (I know these are French boys, but no pun intended).

The Insider is filled with tidbits of information, tends to go after films that feature undraped adolescents or deal with coming-out themes, and occasionally falls into some strange descriptions, like calling Tom Cruise's baby-fat physique "muscular" in *All The Right Moves*. However, they hit the nail on the head with *Caligula*: "a



GETTING A HEAD: Jason MacBride (above) gets title billing (with Jack Wrangler) in Ian McGraw's new video, *Broadway Boys*, from PM Productions, but it's newcomer David Mann who steals the show as a young gay flautist trying to get ahead on the Great White Way.

monument to all that is commercially crass, perverse... and eminently watchable."

A sample copy of *The Insider* is available by writing: Award Films, 525 N. Laurel Ave., Los Angeles, CA 90048.

Good news for Christmas (or anytime), Arthur J. Bressan's newest, *Juice*, starring Michael Christopher, set for yuletide release. A work designed around hunk Christopher; it is alleged that sterling director Bressan has pulled a performance from the popular actor unlike anything his fans have ever seen.

—John W. Rowberry

one) in *One Step Beyond* was the subject of the enema in the "Through the Flood" section of *The Terrible Trilogy*. Here he is horizontal over the same bathtub, his cock and balls chained and stretched, his torso tied down with only a minimum of thrashing. The application of physical blows, the instruments used on him, the taunting of his endurance all give way to prolonged episodes of his being used as a urinal—by the top, Leather Rick, and two non-related men who are engaged in other activity slightly outside the edges of the video frame.

Then it's on to clothespins, applied in a sultry, steady, effortless road, outlining every tender crevice of flesh until his body is as captive of the bite of the wooden pins as it is of the sureness of shackles and chain and rope.

Because the sound is live, the intensity of pain grows until, at the peak of the clothespin section, it is an unvented wail of agony. And although the pins are removed, they continue to smart. When Snip is finally nude of his wooden torments, Leather Rick begins applying small lit candles—the kind you find in churches—and transforms the unwilling flesh into an altar to a pagan and equally unforgiving god. The candles melt, the wax runs down the sides. In this holiest of secret ceremonies, the degree of pain equals the degree of redemption.

Fisting Ballet forms the first part of a trilogy, with enough sacred ritual that perhaps it should be called a trinity. Filmed at the legendary Mineshaft in New York (a palace of perversion that, like the rest of us, has passed from the days of its most intense exercise of the heedlessly carnal), this amazing combination of mid-air aerobics and to-the-elbow fisting is unlike anything you've ever seen. Unique and uniquely pure, there is nothing to watch except the powerful fists and arms of Leather Rick plunge into the completely accessible rectum of the Tantric Master as the latter commits one gravity-defying move after another.

There is no "Lay down and take it like a bottom" attitude to either Rick or the Tantric Master. Arms and legs fly as adeptly as Christopher Reeves did in *Superman I, II, and III*. The Tantric Master is a master of the airway, and Leather Rick is a fist-rider not apt to lose stroke or fit as the two engage in what can only be called a ballet.

The movable scenery that forms a backdrop to this erotic dance piece are unacknowledged men who drape their dicks out their flies, or shuffle around the edge of the impromptu stage like cattle. Never does the camera lose sight of the premiere dancers in this tableau, sacrificing everything that might have distracted from the performance.

Fisting Ballet is superbly captured, superbly edited; as a dance film it rates a 9.95, as a fisting film it scores a perfect 10.



ALL UNIFORMS ARE DRAG and Helmut Berger above, wears his like a true queen... or a true Nazi... in the relentlessly shocking *Salon Kitty*

OUR GAY TOWN

If you don't know about Madison, Wisconsin—it's a college town and a hotbed of liberalism in the traditional blue-collar Midwest. It isn't really in the midwest, as a look at any map will tell you, but it's politically in the Midwest mindset, especially in an election year. You might therefore expect a rather conservative gay community. Wrong.

Men on Tour Rod's in Madison: Male Entertainment Network, 1984, documentary, color, 30 minutes, VHS/Beta, \$30., \$1 postage and handling. M.E.N., 1 United Nations Plaza, San Francisco, CA 94102. Brochure available.

The center of activity for gay life in Madison is a place called Rod's, a business that seems to serve as a community center, out-patient clinic, club house and community theatre. Rod's is probably a legend in Madison (if not throughout Wisconsin), and *Men on Tour* illustrates why.

I think this gay video travelogue covers a year in the life of Rod's—although irony would probably have it that it only covers a month. There is an excess of activity. Let me briefly list some of it: A Parts Contest, where the contestants are judged on specific body parts (yes, Virginia, those parts, too!); a staged camp ver-

sion of something like *Gone With The Wind*; a Magic Picnic—where the finest local hunks engage in some silly, but funny, events; a weenie roast (you remember weenie roasts, don't you?) where some of the weenies are raw; an outdoor dance; an indoor dance; a visiting disco diva; all packaged into a moving montage of Midwest masculinity mixed with the occasional gay woman and the de rigueur hair-dresser-type, narrated by a man who must be Rod himself.

If you've ever wondered what a gay *Our Town* would be like, this is, unquestionably, it.

Fast-paced, innocently delightful—and graced with the occasional set of Midwest genitals—a different sort of stroke from what you might already have in your video library, and a refreshing one at that.

Male Entertainment Network is prolific little organization, and this particular tape fits in a wide spectrum of subjects, from local contests to mega-events like the New Orleans Mardi Gras, that the company has consigned to video tape. As is usual with M.E.N., the quality is far above the standard.

—John W. Rowberry
DRUMMER 89

ANOTHER GUY

"Everyone under 18 is either a pinko or a pansy."

—Guy's stepfather

By the early 1930s, England's upper crust was crumbling at its base, behind the walls of the public school "the Queen's Prison," that hide-bound, boy-boarding institution that did everything but actually breed on the spot the next generation of John Bull's empire-builders and keepers. Well, bureaucrats with life tenure, anyway. Not a few of the money/class/privilege batch who entered with the romantic ideals of *Tom Brown's School Days* (clean tags at Latin and rugby) were leaving with the ironies, vices and blighted hopes of Brideshead

Revisited. "We all know what goes on in the scrum when the ref's not looking."

At least four of their elite number would be blotting the British escutcheon for the next five decades—turning their country's secret pockets out of their turned coats, and flat into the paws of the Russian Bear. Philby, Blunt, Maclean, Burgess... Guy Burgess—traitor, defector, homosexual—was the charmer of the lot. The end of the tale is fictionalized first in Alan Bennett's play, *The Old Country* (1977), and then in his BBC screenplay, *An Englishman Abroad* (1983), directed by John Schlesinger and starring Alan Bates and Australian actress Coral Browne reenacting her real-life chance encounter with an aging, moulder, oddly unsullied Burgess in Moscow in 1958. The "roots" were disinterred by playwright Julian Mitchell in *Another Country*, now an Orion Classics film release. The film has an impressive production pedigree for dealing with counterculture and outlaw/outcast without looking up to or down on their subjects: producer Alan Marshall and

many of the same staff did *Midnight Express*, *Fame*, and *Pink Floyd The Wall*

Guy "Bennett" (Rupert Everett's stage and screen role), like his friends and enemies, is young and sure, ambitious and selfish in his last term, competitive, careless and without a coarse thread. It all falls apart, but not before he pulls great chunks of the ivied walls down with him. Just discovering his permanent proclivities for men, his primary relationship with his best buddy, the straight, up-and-coming Bolshie, Tommy Judd (Colin Firth), sharpens mind and tongue. Contumacious and detached—if Guy will be "a contemptible sycophant in the service of the bourgeoisie," Judd's dialectic is questioned: "In spite of your talk, you still believe some people are better than others because of the way they make love!" Both Communism and homosexuality were to have been a passing phase—you got your rocks off and your rhetoric out of the way without impregnating the locals with precious blue sperm or taking Marx to heart, showed proper discipline and discretion by not getting caught (especially not with someone from another house), and then rose through the school ranks of limited responsibility and unlimited power from "fag" (such a fine old Anglo-Saxon noun, that, for a junior servant cum slave) to "perfect," to "god"—the come de la creme—by straightening up for graduation and burning your britches behind you. Or got sent down. Or committed suicide (the pathos of a 16-year-old hanging himself in top-hat, morning coat and striped trousers).

Most keep their lavender leftward leanings permanently within the bounds of the circumspect old-boy network. Guy broke the rules by taking seriously first one, then the other. He sends mush notes to young Harcourt (Gary Elwes) of the blond moustache penumbra, carmine lips, tousled hair and jet wet eyes ("winsomely framed in the tumescent archway") and proclaims his infatuation with dangerously public purple passion ("there's a hollow at the base of his throat that makes me want to pour honey all over him and lick it off").

The discovery earns Guy a thrashing before his upperclassmen peers by his greatest rival—a brutal and sustained beating, topped with their humiliation of an obligatory handshake with his sneering enemy. Guy's "education" is complete. If school was a microcosm of the world (and they firmly believed it to be) he has learned the lessons of injustice, betrayal, espionage, inconsistency, cruelty, dissimulation and hatred.

"Treason to what; loyalty to whom?" asks the cadaverous, petulant, stern old faggot, 50 years later in another country. "Fame or infamy—what's it matter: I shan't be forgotten."

All fiction, of course. Just a movie.

—Penni Kimmel



BURGESS REVISITED: Gay romance, Red leanings rock the status quo in *Another Country*

DRUM IN INDIA

BOOKS

DIGGING DEEP

Once I had a trick in a bathhouse who slapped my ass. (Yes, this would make a rather unpromising start for a beat-off story, but bear with me—this is reality, and there's a point to be made). I'm not sure how he ended up giving me a mild butt-warming, it was a strictly vanilla encounter, but I suppose, one way or another, and without words, I got the point across that the touch of his hands on my ass was quite welcome, but some steady slapping, hard enough to leave a handprint, would be even better.

He was willing enough, but mainly because he enjoyed seeing my reaction, the slaps were kid-stuff, and never entirely unhesitant. Afterwards, he asked me in a friendly, curious way "But why do you like to have your ass slapped? It can't feel good."

I don't remember what I answered, but whatever I said didn't satisfy his curiosity or my own hard-to-explain but unquestionable experience that yes, it did feel good. Not just psychologically good, but physically pleasurable—in spite of, or because of the pain.

If I'd had a copy of Geoff Mains' *Urban Aboriginals: A Celebration of Leathersexuality* (Gay Sunshine Press, Box 40397, San Francisco, CA 94140; 187 pp., \$8.95/\$9.95 postpaid), I could have handed him the book, told him to read chapter two ("The Flowers of Pain"), and given him at least a partial answer. One of Mains' major achievements in *Urban Aboriginals* is his explanation of the action of the opioids. The opioids are natural narcotics, produced by the body and released in various critical contexts—one of these being, as Mains suggests, in the height of ecstatic "pain/pleasure," that intense sensation probably best understood, at a gut level, by those into SM. Mains lays out a chemical basis for that mysterious transmutation of "pain" into "pleasure"—a process which many people, never having experienced it, believe to be impossible or entirely without a physiological reality. When you slip into a high from the kiss of a whip, it's not "all in your head."

Mains, who spends his time between Vancouver and San Francisco, is a bio-chemist by education, a leatherman by avocation. He approaches his study of SM from a viewpoint that is decidedly academic and West Coast. The result is a book full of unusual and well-informed ideas on the leather subculture, examined in a theoretical manner that's never been done before. Serious readers open to the idea that man is an animal stimulated by chemical balances and



susceptible to powerful instinctual urges toward ceremony and role-playing, will find much to ponder here—if they can get past the turgid prose. Mains' writing is afflicted by the very worst kind of academic tongue-twisting, and frequently ties itself into knots on the way to making an interesting (and ultimately simple) point.

Those who don't share Mains' sociological curiosity, for whom sex is an urge to act rather than to reflect upon, may find his book irrelevant. Others may find his wordiness not worth the effort of wading through, or his approach too

obscure. (As a down-to-earth New Yorker remarked to me after reading the book, "You West Coasters are too much.") Nonetheless, *Urban Aboriginals* is an important book, and a close reading—a task requiring considerable patience, and perhaps best performed upon a Master's command—will yield considerable rewards. Self-knowledge is a powerful tool, and the greatest weapon we have in carving our own identity out of an often mute and hostile landscape, Geoff Mains has added considerably to that arsenal.

—Aaron Travis
DRUMMER 91



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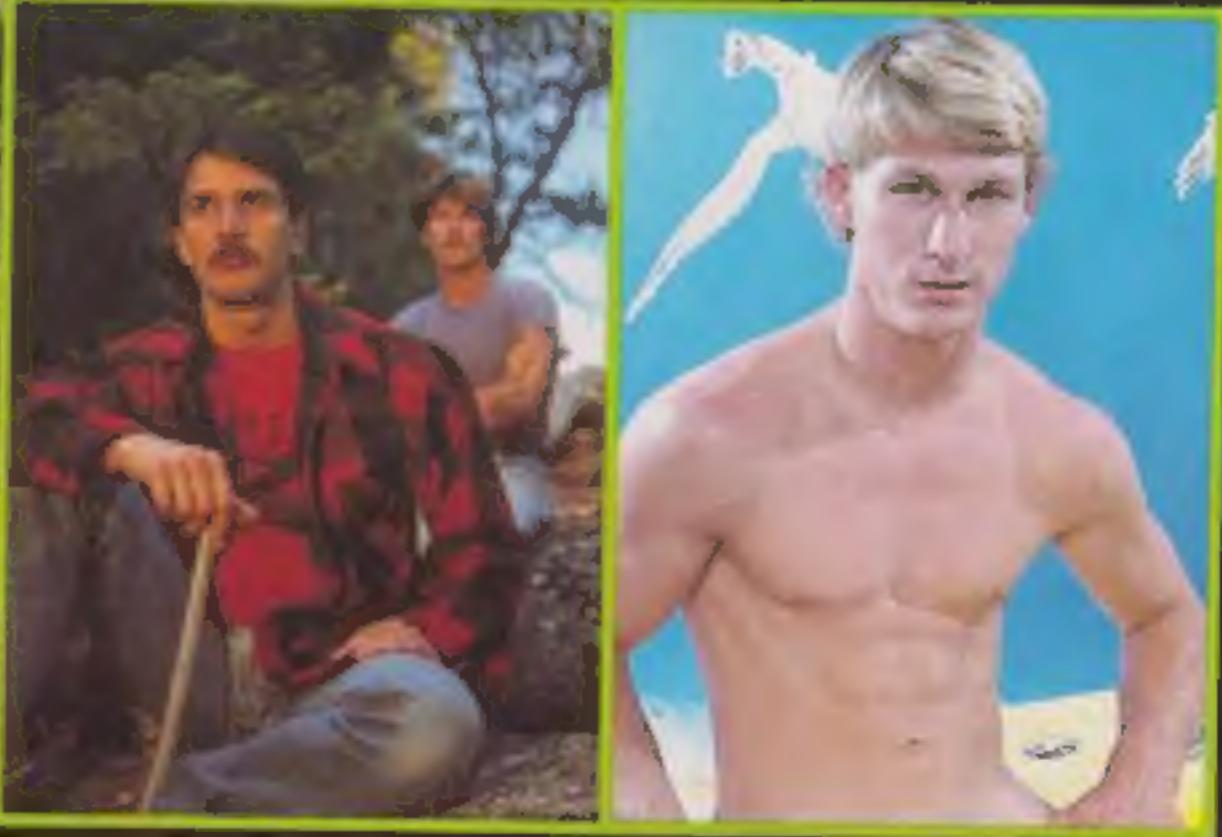
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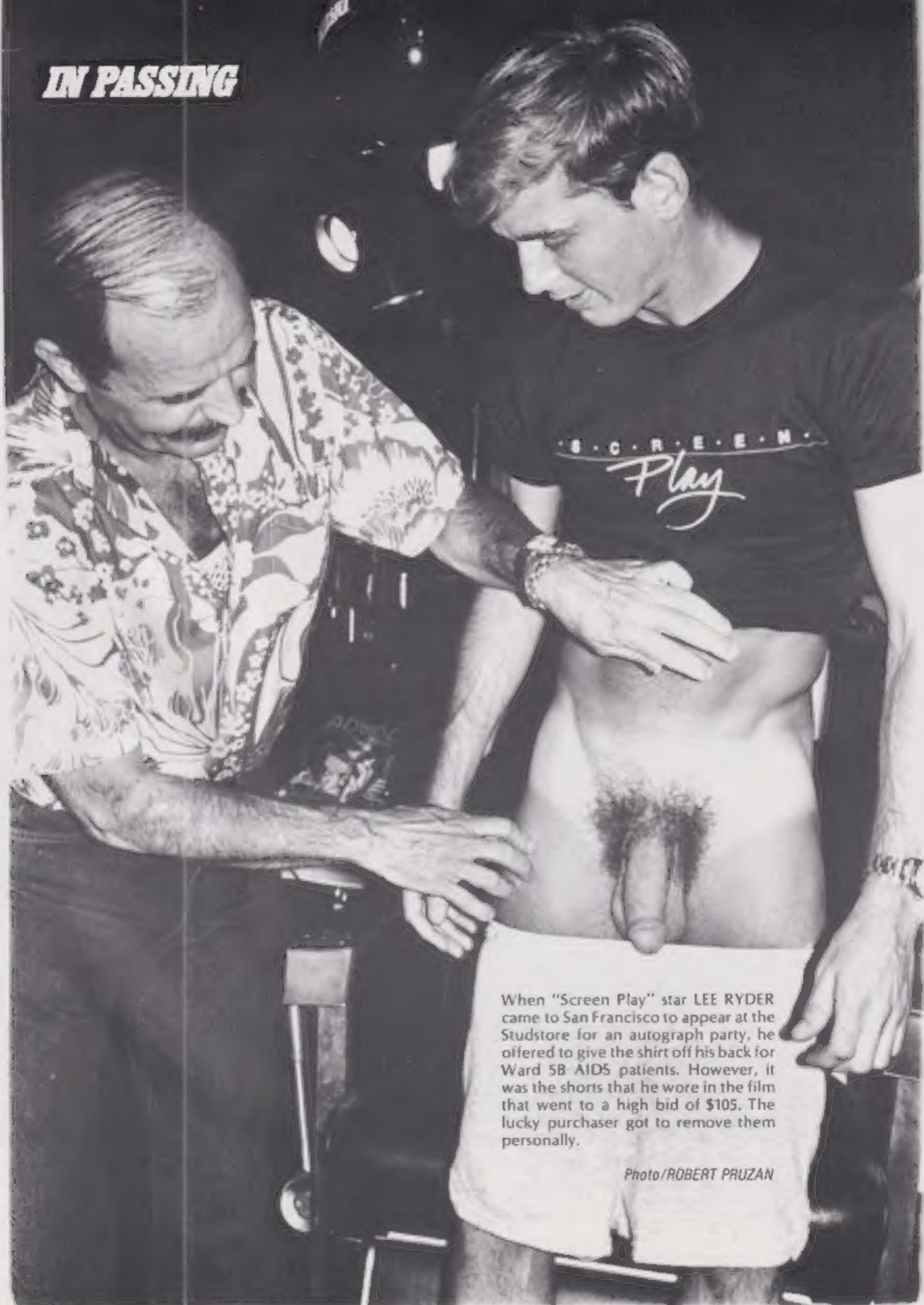
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Photo/ROBERT PRUZAN

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MEN OF CHAINS
Special Guest Appearance by
DANIEL HOLT
DUNE HANOVER
as The Bartender
and INTRODUCING
RYDAR HANSON

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